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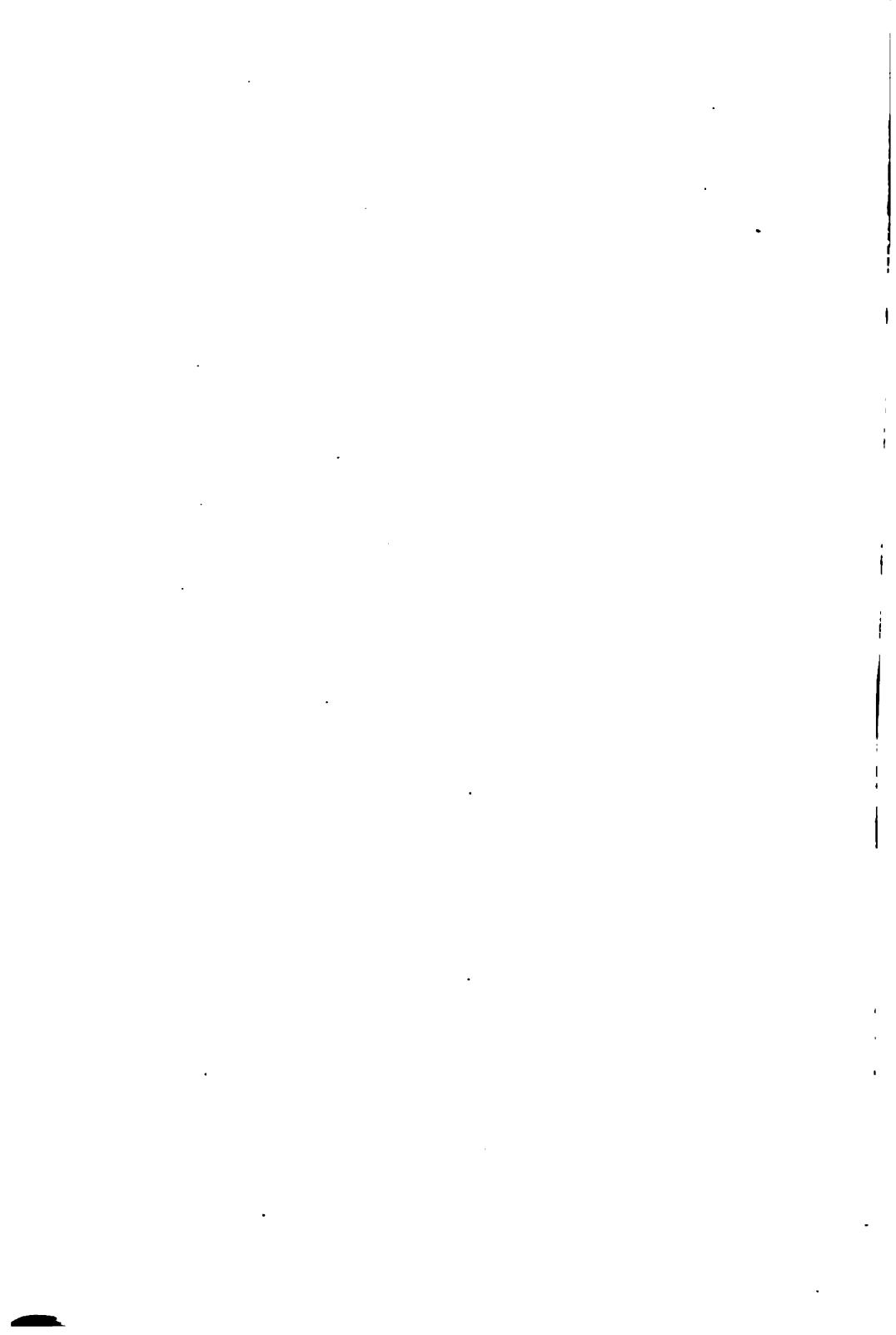
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With my best wishes

J. D. Hutton



Song, Sermon and Psalm

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Shelbyville, Tennessee



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INTRODUCTION

It is not the purpose of this volume to discourage the attendance upon the services of any of our Churches, but on the contrary, through the gospel as delivered to us in this book, to stimulate and encourage regular attendance, wherever it is possible, upon all sanctuary worship, but there are those in every community who, in the providence of God, are barred from Church attendance by reason of illness, physical disability, infirmity of age, etc., and it is for these primarily who are shut in and never hear a sermon from the pulpit that this volume is published. The universal need for such a publication was suggested to me during the long illness of my wife, Mrs. Annie Violet Hutton, who for seven years was unable, through physical infirmity, to attend a Church service. To her memory this volume is affectionately dedicated with the hope that it may reach many homes of those shut in through affliction and age. If this book shall reach the thousands of homes of affliction, and through its ministrations bring joy and gladness to hearts bowed down with sorrow, her long suffering will not have been in vain, and in her gentle Christian spirit I believe she would have gladly made her sacrifice.

I am under deep obligation to the contributors to this volume who have made the work possible through their generous responses to my requests. They are among the most eminent and most spiritual ministers

INTRODUCTION.

of our various Protestant Churches. They have eliminated all dogma and doctrinal discussion and have contributed only such sermons as are best suited to the spiritual needs of those for whom this volume is especially intended. It is the prayer of the contributors to this volume that it may reach the homes of much affliction and bring words of comfort and encouragement to hearts of sadness and depression.

J. D. HUTTON.

Shelbyville, Tenn.

PSALM XXIII.

- 1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
- 2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.
- 3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
- 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
- 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
- 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

THE PILGRIM'S GUIDE

REV. DONALD M'QUEEN, D.D., PASTOR PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
SHELBYVILLE, TENN.

TEXT—"Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel and afterwards receive me (or take me) to glory." (Psalm lxxiii. 24.)

Asaph has been sorely tempted. He had been led to envy the prosperity of the wicked. As he considered them, they seemed to be free from trouble, having more than heart could wish. Their very faces seemed to betoken fullness and plenty, for their eyes stood out with fatness. In striking contrast with these, he reflected upon the lives of many of the godly, their penury and poverty, their sorrows and afflictions, and the conclusion he had almost reached was that if the wicked were thus blessed with God's favor, then the efforts of the righteous to lead lives of holiness, seeking to do God's will upon the earth, were fruitless and vain. This was the conclusion well-nigh reached by God's servant, this the pit into

which he had all but fallen, when with some measure of bitterness he says, "Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocence." This painful experience through which he was passing, this terrible temptation to which he was subjected, had overwhelmed him had he not betaken himself to God and the rectifying influences of the sanctuary. There the mystery was solved, there the anomaly rectified. For there he discovered what the end of the wicked would be; how desolation, terror and destruction would sweep them away as with a besom. Thus was this chorister of King David humbled at the thought of his distrust of God's faithfulness, and with a sense of his folly in envying those who, like the beasts of the field, were intent only upon the lower things of the world. Hence he exclaims in seeming shamefacedness, "I was as a beast before thee." He is content now to submit the case to God ; to commit his life in all of its varied relations to Him, who, in this slippery place, as always, was holding him by the right hand. This God was more really his God now than ever before; this God would be his guide even unto death. Hence he says, "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel and afterward receive me to glory."

As we go along the pilgrim way let us think then of

THE JOURNEY, THE GUIDE, THE GOAL.

THE JOURNEY.

We are wont to speak of life as a journey, and we frequently call it a journey through a wilderness, a desert drear, a vale of tears. Now, while life is a

journey, it is said to be a libel upon God's goodness to think of it as all wilderness, all desert, all dreariness. We know by experience that there are green pastures, still waters, and living fountains all along the way. Life, as a journey, simply means for us that we are pilgrims and strangers passing through a country that is good, to one that is better, even an heavenly.

On this journey we look for *changes* in the road. All roads do not lead to heaven, as to Rome, but the one road is marked with diversity. As upon a common journey the road is marked with changes, the eye being greeted the while with beautiful landscape and anon barren wastes, rich tableland and tangled wildwood, lofty mountains and low-lying valleys, so the road Canaanward presents marked variety. We come to the Slough of Despond, the Hill of Difficulty, the bitter waters of Marah, the burning sands of the desert, and then we reach the palms of Elim, the green pastures, the still waters—God's quiet resting places. The effect upon us of these changes in our spiritual experiences depends largely upon our faith. If faith is strong, if our realization of the grasp of the Father's hand is perfect, then whether it be up or down, sunshine or shadow, rocky cliff or smooth white path through the mountains, waste howling wilderness or sweet, green fields, we can bear up and on; for every foot of the path lies in the King's highway as we journey homeward.

On this journey we encounter all manner of *changes in the weather*. However bright the day of our departure, think it not strange that there should be sudden changes in the spiritual elements. Some-

times the bright sunshine of God's countenance illuminates the way and we sing through very joy and gladness. And then we walk in darkness, the clouds hanging heavily over the skies, and we cry out, "Is thy mercy clean gone forever?" At times the sea is calm and the white sails of our ship catch the soft summer breezes, and then the storm breaks furiously upon us while we "toil in rowing," the winds being contrary. These are some of the weather changes along the way as we journey homeward, the influence of which is wonderful. Who does not feel better when the day is bright and the birds are singing, all nature being full of the fragrance of the new-mown hay or redolent of the perfume of flowers? But summer comes with its storms and tempests, its blighting and blasting, and winter with its sloughing winds, its bleakness and desolation. While these changes all affect us, some happily, others unhappily, let us remember that we are upon the heavenward way, whether the weather be fair or foul, and that the love of Him who goes with us knows no change, for all the changes in our spiritual experiences.

On this journey we meet with a *variety of companionships*. How marked a difference in our companions in travel upon any journey that we may make, some congenial, others indifferent, some we would gladly meet again, others we would as gladly forget. Is it not thus in our religious experiences? How widely different our fellow-travelers on the heavenward way! Some hopeful and cheerful, giving pleasure and happiness to all about them, others gloomy and morose, singing always in a minor key,

if they sing at all. The former are in the middle of the road, the latter on the edge, with just enough religion to make them miserable. They may be carrying, too, a little extra baggage of self-righteousness, or a grip or two of worldliness. Of course, these are not happy Christians and scatter no sunshine as they go along the way. Such know but little of the God of comfort or the comfort of God, and hence have but small consolation for any who are cast down. Yes, we meet with all sorts of companions along the way, people with varied temperaments, dispositions, faults and foibles. Some are singing, some sorrowing, some walking, others running, some going forward with hope and confidence, others doubting and trembling, scarcely ever rising to a higher pitch of exultation than to cry, "O wretched man that I am!"

THE GUIDE.

On this, as upon every journey, we need guidance. Now the Word of God is full of this idea of guidance. "I will guide thee with mine eye." "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness." "He leadeth me beside the still waters." "I will guide thee with my counsel." This idea of God's guidance goes with us forever, for "the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall shepherd them and lead them to fountains of living waters." This guidance is vouchsafed in manifold ways. The pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night was the token in olden times of His abiding presence and constant guidance. God still guides his people. He guides by circumstances of his own making, by men of his own appointment, and

by His counsel, which is His Word. This is the guidance to which reference is here made. If then we are to traverse all sorts of changes in the path, encounter all sorts of weather, and meet up with a variety of companionships, the necessity for guidance is at once settled. Along the way many dark problems are to be settled, many difficulties to be confronted, many nice questions of casuistry to be answered, in all of which it will be easy enough to stumble. To the average moral perception, as one observes, distinctions between right and wrong, essentially sharp, practically shade off into each other. Now in view of these distinctions to be made, these problems to be settled, we need counsel that is safe, sound, and satisfying. For the turning points in the road, commonly known as life's crises, we have promise of the guidance of One who is infinitely wise, who can make no mistake, and will not mislead.

Not only in the critical places but also in the commonest details of the route, guidance is offered. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord." "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and he will direct thy steps." As there are but few crises in our lives, if we are to be guided by the counsel of the All-wise, it must needs be in the little duties and difficulties as they daily arise, the sum of which make up these common lives of ours. Suppose we try to live that way which is the secret of true life and living. Suppose we decide to take God's hand, look up into His face, and do just what He says. Will that not be to have Him guide us, and will we not be happier than if we fret and worry and seek to guide ourselves?

Is it not "better to walk with Him in the dark than to go alone in the light?"

And then this guidance is pledged to us for all the way, even to the end of the journey: "for this God is our God forever and ever." He will be our guide even unto death. The end for us all means death, and that is the point upon which we too frequently lay the greatest stress, a fact which seems to imply that a guide is more needful at the end than for the journey itself. The guide will be with us at the end, to be sure, but we need him most of all along the way.

As the end we reach depends upon the road we travel, so the way we die depends upon the way we live. Thus if we could but see more clearly we would discover that to live is more solemn than to die, for the manner of our dying depends upon the way in which we have lived. This brings us quite naturally to the conclusion—"and afterward receive me to glory."

THE GOAL.

After the end, after death, He will take me to glory. How beautiful, how full of comfort should this thought of the end be! After the dark river has been forded, the mortal crisis passed, He will take me to glory. Death is a terrible word. It makes us tremble, even the stoutest-hearted of us, for it is known as the terror of kings as well as the king of terrors. But suppose we call it God taking us, God receiving us, and not death. How it would rob it of its terribleness, and divest it of its ugliest aspect!

ness! "Enoch walked with God and was not, for God took him." Which tells us that he and the loving Father were walking along the way in sweet communion and tender fellowship when there came a stillness, a pause; the gate opening gently, God took him into glory. Should not this give to death a new meaning? Jesus called it a sleep, gentle, sweet, peaceful. Here, after we awaken from this sleep, the Father takes us. After we reach the end of the journey, He receives us. It is as when we have come a long and tiresome way, reaching the end in the darkness of the night, when pressing upon the door of the dear old home, it opens and the loved ones lay hold of us and take us in. Take us in out of the darkness into the light; out of the storm into the sweet repose; out of the travel-stained garments into those that are clean and white. Or it is as when one sails upon a river running into the sea on either side of which are overhanging rocks or threatening shoals, but as these are passed we go out into the fathomless abyss of the ocean. There was no rude awakening, no startling shock or terror as we passed out into the dark, deep sea. The great waters simply took us in. Life has been likened to this river running to the sea. We need not fear the deep waters for they simply mean the larger, deeper, fuller life, the life in which there is fulness of joy, the life where there are pleasures forevermore.

"I know not the way I am going,
But well do I know my Guide,
With a childlike faith I give my hand
To the dear Friend at my side.

The only thing I say to Him
As He takes it is, 'Hold it fast.'
Suffer me not to lose the way,
But bring me Home at last."

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee."

PSALM VIII.

1 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies; that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands: thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

9 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

THOUGHT OF BY GOD

REV. R. A. WEBB, D.D., LOUISVILLE, KY.

"I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me."
(Psalm xl. 17.)

It is sweet to be remembered; it is bitter to be forgotten. Many of the sorrows and some of the tragedies of life are due to a famishing heart—a heart that sighs and cries and dies for human love, sympathy and appreciation. The great Shakespeare says, "Men are men; the best forget." But the great Psalmist says, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me." Men are men, and the best forget; but God is God, and never forgets.

This is a tonicful text to the drooping spirit. It braces like the air from a mountain's icy crest. It buoys like the sea-tide that lifts the ship. It cheers

like the sunbeam that pierces the fog. It soothes like the strain of an evening song. It comforts like a voice from among the stars. Poor and needy—yet the Lord thinks upon me!

1. The sweetness of my text is emphasized when we remember the *great* things which God has to think about.

Try to grasp the greatness of this universe which is a perpetual care to its august Maker and Ruler. How shall we get the idea of one world—of countless worlds? Let us begin with the earth on which we live.

Its diameter is nearly eight thousands of miles; its weight is many millions of tons; its surface is nearly two hundred millions of square miles; its velocity is nineteen miles a second, and its annual journey is five hundred and sixty millions of miles through space.

Try to imagine this mass described by these paralyzing figures. Climb some mountain peak and let the eye range and the imagination wander. Take some ship and travel a thousand miles each day. Take some flying train and spend a lifetime going from kingdom to kingdom, from country to country. Pause occasionally to look upon some island flashing like an emerald upon the bosom of a purple sea. Spend an hour in talking about the lands you have visited, the sights you have seen, the cities whose streets you have walked, the cathedral splendors which have charmed you, the ancient monuments which have interested you, the wild wastes of desert which have oppressed you, the mountains which have awed you, the streams which have fascinated you, the flowers with their

colors and fragrance, the birds with their plumage and songs, the beasts of the fields, the fishes of the sea, the minerals of the earth, the jewels that flash, and the human beings of all sorts and nationalities. Spend all your years in continual going until you lie down in death—and you will not have seen the thousandth part of the surface of the earth, and will not have so much as begun to penetrate towards its far-off center!

But astronomers tell us that our earth is no more relatively than a single apple in a great orchard. We must transfer ourselves to the sun, to even grasp at the magnitude of the starry system to which we belong.

Standing on that fiery ball we must remember that it is nearly a million and a half times larger than the earth, and that its diameter is eight hundred and eighty millions of miles. Its surface is more than fifty-three millions time greater than that panorama which would be swept by a revolving eye on the top of Mount Etna, and that it would require more than twenty-four thousand years for the human eye to take in its surface if it should take in the Etna vision at each glance.

But looking away from the central sun, there is Mercury, lying thirty-six million miles in the distance, and half the size of our own earth. Next is the queenly Venus, about the size of the earth, and sixty-seven millions of miles from the sun. Next is the earth the planet on which has been enacted the tragedy of the fall and the glories of redemption, ninety-two millions of miles from the sun. Beyond, one hundred and forty-one millions of miles away, is

fiery Mars, red like the eye of war, and half the size of our globe. Farther out, four hundred and eighty-three millions of miles, is great Jupiter with his satellites, three hundred and eighteen times larger than our world. Beyond is Saturn, ninety-five times larger than the earth, and swimming eight hundred and eighty-six millions of miles from the sun. Then comes Uranus, fifteen times greater than our earth, and lying one billion seven hundred and eighty-one millions of miles from its solar center. Finally swimming far out on the frontier of our solar system, more than two billion seven hundred millions of miles from the sun, is Neptune, seventeen times larger than our earth.

Starting at the sun as a station, it would take an express train, running at the rate of thirty-five and a half miles an hour, 108 years to reach Mercury, 204 years to get to Venus, 285 years to reach the earth; 426, Mars; 1,450, Jupiter; 2,670, Saturn; 5,400, Uranus and 8,325 years to arrive at Neptune the farthest point in our solar system. But if we send our train on without stopping, to Sirius, the nearest fixed star, it would take it sixty million years to come to that starry depot. But if we sent it on to the last star visible to the naked eye, it would require more than a billion years to reach its destination. Then how long would it take such a train to reach those mystic depths of space which are but dimly hinted at by the most powerful telescope? It would take a telegram, traveling at the rate of 180,000 miles a second, three years to reach the nearest fixed star!

All these worlds, and systems of worlds, and episytems of worlds, must be thought of by God, and

be kept in perpetual and awful balance. Yet He thinks of *me*! In space, but an atom. On the horizon, but a speck. In possessions, but a pauper. I am not lost in the universal vastness. The great universe does not displace me in the mind and heart of God. He gave his Son to be my Saviour, knows all the hairs of my head, calls me by name, is familiar with all my story, and is unmindful of none of my poverty and needs! The universe is not so big that He overlooks little me.

2. The sweetness of my text is emphasized when we remember the *multitude* of things which God must think about.

Think of the countless units in God's universe. Up, where stands the burning throne of God on the rim of glory, are innumerable angels that shine like light, seraphs which veil their faces with burnished wings, cherubs whose songs drip with celestial praise, innumerable ranks, and principalities, and powers, and mights and dominions, of the heavenly hosts—all fit subjects to attract the thought and delight the heart of God.

Out, above, beyond, around, beneath the throne of God, swimming in the blue amplitudes of space, are countless suns and moons and stars and comets and nebulae—a blazing host which none but He can even count.

Down here on the earth where we dwell are men of a thousand types and temperaments; an almost infinite variety of fauna and flora; minerals and motes and atoms which no human calculus can express in figures.

We cannot count the items in God's universe if we attempt to enumerate them by worlds; how utterly impossible for us to number them by molecules and atoms and ions!

But God must think about each and all. Every star must be lighted and fixed in its socket. Every angel must be sent upon its mission of light. Every man must be played in his plan, so as to do no violence to his free agency. Every devil or demon must be held in check, and made to do his will. The young lion must be given his food. The throat of every linnet must be kept in tune. The cheek of every lily must be painted. Every opal must be made to flash like it had sipped red wine. From the tallest archangel which treads the gorgeous mosaic of the sky to the humblest lichen which grows on a log in the swamp, everything, must be held in perpetual remembrance by Him who sits upon the flaming circle of the heavens, and looks on the nations as grasshoppers, and counts the sands of the seashore.

Yet the Lord thinketh upon *me*! Thinks of me. Thinks for me. Knows my history. Is familiar with all my story. Guides me. Helps me. Sympathizes with me. Loves me. Understands me. Provides for me. I am not sunk in the multitude. I am not lost in the many. I am never overlooked, because he has so many things to attend to.

3. The wonderfulness of my text is enhanced when we consider the *complexity* of the things God has to think about.

The universe, vast in its proportions and multitudinous in its items, is not a simple system of things, but one of almost infinite complexity and perplexity.

The divine being must deal with it in all its manifold and multiform intricacies.

Starry systems must be held in perpetual and awful balance. Wild comets, flying through space with disheveled hair, must be inerrantly guided so that they neither strike with their heads nor brush with their tails. Angels and angelic organizations wait before His throne for orders. Kings and nations and individuals must be handled and played to the ends of divine glory.

In the earth alone there are innumerable plenipotent forces—forces vital, mechanical, chemical, electrical, atmospheric, psychological, angelic, satanic—forces within forces, forces across forces, forces above forces, forces under forces, forces against forces—all working to focalize the destiny of this globe. They must all be sustained, controlled, and utilized. What a vast demand upon the thought and mind of the Ruler of this universe!

Yet the Lord thinketh upon poor and needy *me*! In the midst of the enormous and complicated affairs of universal government, he never loses sight of me, of my most vital or my most trivial interests. Never too busy to bless me. Never too much occupied to lay my weary head upon his breast, and caress my tired and panting spirit. Never puts me aside because he has larger things to think about. Never neglects me because he is engaged upon matters affecting the vast universe. Never denies me a hearing because he is otherwise engaged. Never puts me aside as small, and poor, and needy, and of but small importance, even when I am most and best. He never subordinates the small to the great, the one to the

many, the simple to the complex. He will halt the stars in their courses, or stop the turn of the world on its axis, before he will neglect one of the least disciples of Jesus.

4. The wonderfulness of this precious text is brought out if we stop to consider the *greatness and glory of God*, the being who has me always in His thought, upon His mind, and in His heart.

As those who remember us rise in the scale of being and character and position, so does our appreciation of their thoughtfulness mount higher and higher. It touches a good man's heart when even his poor dog remembers him, and soothes his sores with his moist and velvety tongue. It affects the sensibilities of the greatest master when his humble servant shows that he has not forgotten him. Equal friends bind themselves more closely together with tokens of remembrance, given and received. A child sprinkles the keepsake of a mother with lavender water, and wraps it in silk and satin. The flower which a queen bestows upon her humble subject acquires an inexchangeable value, because it has passed through the illustrious monarch's hand.

But to be held in everlasting remembrance by God—the Maker of all worlds, the Lord of all life, the Ruler of all intelligences, the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in whose presence all thrones rise up, and at whose feet all crowns are cast down—that were enough to make the eye look aloft while thankful tears course down the unworthy cheeks. And when this God would give us a token of his mindfulness of us, he does not pluck a star from its socket and lay that in our extended palm, but

he plucks His only begotten Son out of his heart, and lays him on the altar of death. Could love rise higher? Could assurance go farther? When, in our sorrows and bereavements, we are tempted to cry out, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" may we not recall Calvary, and with it smother the complaint, and be assured that God hath not cast off, nor forgotten us in our distresses and afflictions?

5. Finally, the wonderfulness of my text is enhanced when I consider *myself* the object of all God's thoughtfulness.

"I am poor and needy." I have nothing with which to make my own life comfortable; I am a bundle of wants, with no means to supply them. I am a pauper and a beggar. I have nothing. I am nothing. If God takes me upon His hands, He takes but a burden and a care. Worse than that: he takes an ungrateful sinner, a thankless, whining, complaining creature, who continually forgets the hand that feeds him and the heart that warms him. I will requite His kindnesses with evil; I will accept his favors with fretfulness; I will profane His name and censure the methods of His grace and of His providence. Towards Him I will be sure to act like the adder that bites the man who warms it in his bosom. Yet, though I am that sort, the Lord thinketh upon me!

The universe may be great—incomparably great. Its items may be many—innumerably many. Its affairs may be complex—inextricably complex. God may be great—infinitely great. I may be poor and needy—indescribably destitute and worthless. Yet the Lord thinketh upon me! Men may misunder-

stand me, but He knows my whole story. Men may forget me, but He remembers me. Men may despise me, but He loves me.

How ashamed I am that I have ever forgotten my God!

R A. WEBB.

"What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Ev'rything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Ev'rything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer!

PSALM XIX.

1 The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.

2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

3 There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

5 Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

12 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

THE UNRECOGNIZED CHRIST

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There is nothing in the after-resurrection incidents that comes to us with more melting meaning

than this revelation of our Lord to two of His disciples on their way to Emmaus. They had gone out from the turmoil of the city into the country, and as they walked a Stranger drew near, saluted them, and went with them. As the sun was setting and they approached their home they said to the stranger, "Abide with us, for the day is far spent," and He went in with them. And then they found that He who had walked and talked with them was Jesus, whom they had mourned as dead. He had gone with them all those miles unknown. Beloved, it is so today. As we travel along life's dusty, weary roads, there is one comes and walks beside us, but so often He walks and talks unrecognized.

We sometimes hear the question raised, "If Christ came to Chicago—to Louisville—what would we do?" I want to ask you, when did Christ leave Chicago—or Louisville? Open your eyes. He is here—in the jostling crowd on the street, in the marts of business, in the quiet room, wherever we go there is this unseen Stranger whose presence is so often unrecognized.

THE SIN OF THE CITY.

In another place where the story is told we read that "He appeared in another form as they went into the country." Some of us have lost Him in the city. He took another form there in the country, where the hills seemed to touch the sky, and the flowers bloomed and the air was pure. But the city, O the city! How its tumult and clamor beat upon our brain, and we cannot see for the houses, and we cannot hear for the noise. I stood one night on Brooklyn Bridge

and gazed on the great, throbbing city, ablaze with electricity, and I thought of the multitudes of people there; of the homes and of the haunts; of the purity and the sin, and I wondered how many in that city were aware that One was walking beside them, seeing all their sorrows, longing to help them with all their burdens, hearing every sigh and prayer and every word of blasphemy. There was an artist in Paris who got into a cab and drove about the city and make sketches of the men and women on the streets just as they were, going about their daily pursuits. He caught all manner of scenes and incidents, and then he threw these pictures on canvas. The people came to see them and were startled, for he had put into the midst of every group the unrecognized Stranger, Jesus. And there He is, if we would only see Him, in all our common life. We think of Him as on the throne, and so He is; but we need to remember that He is on the street and in the room also.

There is an old Arabic legend that Adam was so tall that when he walked on earth his head was in the sky. It is a crude myth, but it expressed a truth concerning our Lord, who is so high He reigns up yonder, so low He walks beside us.

A college president says he was telling to a little boy of three years old the wonder-story, the old child-story, how Jesus took up the little children and blessed them, and the little fellow said, "I wish I could have seen Him." It is a natural wish. It would be a great thing to see Him, but not everything. Judas saw Him, and betrayed Him. Pilate saw Him, and condemned Him. The priests saw Him, and mocked Him. He was hidden behind His

robe of flesh, and they did not know Him. O beloved, as with the disciples on that walk to Emmaus, there are things that get between, and our eyes are holden, and we do not see Him. Poor, tired pilgrim on life's way, have you missed Him on the road? Poor, careworn Christian, have you come to God's house and not seen your Lord?

BLINDED BY TEARS.

There are various reasons why we do not see Him. Our sorrows cause our eyes to be holden so that we cannot see Him. It was so on the Emmaus way. They had been with Him everywhere; far in the desert, where He spread a banquet for the multitude; up on the mountain, where He talked with God; out on the sea, where He quelled the tempest. But one day He went away, apparently. They went out into the country, and every lily seemed to droop. The sun had lost its smile, the birds their music, the flowers their charm. Their dear one had been taken away, and in their sorrow they could not recognize that Stranger. I have heard of a man in New York, seventy years old, who had lived eight years in a tomb. His wife had died, and every morning when the cemetery gate opened, this man came in and entered the vault where her crumbling dust lay, and there he stayed until the gates closed at night. One day they found him on the stone floor, stricken with apoplexy. Eight wasted years! Worse than wasted, for they testified to infidelity and despair.

Are there not others who are living in a grave with the cast-off bodies of loved ones? They are followers of the Lord, too, but they have got behind the veil of

their sorrows and do not see God's hand in them, and do not see their wondrous ministry of blessing. Blinded by their tears, they do not see the majestic Son of God who has come to lead them through their sorrows into light. Alas! they have missed Him. There is something worse than sorrow, and that is not to learn the lessons that sorrow was intended to teach, not to see the form of the Son of Man in the furnace.

DUST IN THE EYES.

Others do not see Him because of the cares of life, its work, its ambitions or its worries. The dust of material things is in their eyes, and they do not see His radiant figure. The disciples were in that condition, too. "We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel," they said. Their plans and dreams were shattered. Discouraged and disappointed, they did not lift their eyes to see above the fog the calm face of Jesus.

Is there anything hiding your Lord's face today? The cares of life, the deceitfulness of riches, the worries of time? Look over their heads. Get them out of your way if they are wrong. If they are not wrong, look above them. Herod sat in his palace over his card-tables and never saw Him. Pilate was busy with his intrigues and schemes, and saw Him not. Cæsar had his plots and plans, and had no eyes for Him. The busy men in the city of Jerusalem never saw Him. These are but epitomes of history. It has ever thus gone on, it goes on today. Trifles, business, carking cares, become mountains to hide His glorious face, and we do not see Him who alone can make our lives sublime and turn defeat into success.

THE BLACK CLOUD.

How often, O how often our eyes are holden and we do not see Him because of sin! John the Baptist meant this when he said, "He standeth in the midst of you, and ye know Him not."

When the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table went in search of the Holy Grail, one caught a glimpse of it over the mountain; another saw it flit across the starry sky; Sir Launcelot, the sinful one, said he saw something, but what he saw was veiled and covered. So our Lord is hidden by the veil of sin before our eyes. O, dear heart, is there such a veil between your eyes and Him today? It may be but a little thing. You may place your finger before your eye and shut out the sun. You may hide the sea with the palm of your hand. Shall it be said of any who read these words, "Their eyes were holden and they knew Him not?" Lord, touch blind eyes and bid them see!

Do you remember how they knew Him and where they found out it was He? There was no dramatic or extraordinary circumstances. It was at the evening meal, in that commonplace act in the midst of their commonplace life.

I have heard of a man who sold his farm and went away to search for diamonds. After a fruitless search, impoverished and undone, he came back to learn that the man who bought his farm had found diamonds there at his doorstep. We need not go far. We need not wait for something marvelous. He is at the door, "closer than our breathing, nearer than hands or feet." He is ready to reveal Himself to us

along life's common ways. May it be that we shall see Him now and recognize Him and go out to walk with Him on, and on, and on.

They knew Him, and "He vanished out of their sight." They recognized Him late. There is such a thing as too late recognition, and it is a very common and tragical thing in all the relations of life. Do you remember the exclamation of the centurion after the Master was dead—"Surely this was the Son of God"? I think that is pitiful. Roman centurion, if you had only come up to Him when He was alive and called Him the Son of God how the joy would have rioted through His heart, and shone from His eyes, and what things He would have said to you!

Beloved, we are going down life's dusty ways. Will you lift up your head? Will you see Him? Will you walk with Him? It may be getting toward evening. Bid Him abide with you, and then walk on together through life's little while till traveling days are done.

Louisville, Ky.

PSALM XLVIII.

- 1 Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.
2 Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King.
3 God is known in her palaces for a refuge.
4 For, lo, the kings were assembled, they passed by together.
5 They saw it, and so they marvelled; they were troubled, and hasted away.
6 Fear took hold upon them there, and pain, as of a woman in travail.
7 Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind.
8 As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of our God; God will establish it forever. Selah.
9 We have thought of thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.
10 According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth: thy right hand is full of righteousness.
11 Let mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments.
12 Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof.
13 Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following.
14 For this God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death.

TO HIM BE THE GLORY FOREVER

REV. J. H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

"Of Him, and through Him, and unto Him are all things. To Him be the glory forever. Amen." (Romans xi. 36.)

This is the climax of a glowing doxology into which the great Apostle of the Gentiles breaks forth, after a grand argument, which brings out the infinite length

and breadth, and heighth and depth of the love of God in the redemption of sinners through Jesus Christ.

He shows how the apparent failure of God's covenant promise to Israel, His chosen people, has been overruled to become the means of a world-wide enlargement of the promise, to embrace all nations in the covenant; and also that at last Israel shall return to the Lord and be saved, according to prophecy verses 11-12, 26-27. Isa. 59:20.

Then with exultant voice he glorifies the riches of God's saving grace: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and his ways past tracing out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? Or who hath been his counsellor? Or who hath first given unto Him, and it shall be recompensed to him again? For of Him, and through Him, and unto Him are all things. To Him be the glory forever. Amen."

In carrying out His gracious purpose of redemption for our sinful race God's wisdom works in ways that we can neither understand nor trace out, and makes all things cooperate to the one supreme destined good. And this He can do, for He is the origin or source, the agent or means, and the end or aim of all the activities of the universe. That is, His will is supreme over all powers in the heavens, in the earth and under the earth. Nothing can come to pass independently of His will, either acting directly or permitting it. He directs, restrains, permits, combines, controls all things so as to work out the counsels of His sovereign will. And He does not depend on man

for advice; nor is He under obligation to reward man for anything man has done for Him. So that this wondrous design or plan of salvation is the outcome of God's free grace, the expression of unmerited love. In this Scripture three foundation truths are emphasized, on which are built our hopes, and all the promises of God. They are: 1. God's absolute, universal sovereignty. 2. God, as sovereign, is carrying out in time a great, wise and holy purpose. 3. The chief end of that purpose, the showing forth His own glory in man's salvation, is a manifestation of God's love. These truths are of the greatest practical importance for our guidance, our comfort and the development of our Christian character.

I. God is the universal, absolute and Almighty King, who orders all things in the whole universe according to the counsels of His own will. His right to rule is supreme, and extends to all His creatures and all their actions—from the fall of a sparrow to the movements of the stars in their courses—from numbering the hairs on our heads to the giving His angels charge of His servants.

This sovereignty is no mere cold, formal assertion of authority, but is ever active in human affairs. Either He interposes directly to bring things to pass, or He permits certain things to be done and overrules them to accomplish His will. He is the law unto Himself. He does as He pleases. He asks no advice, He is restrained or directed by no power but the good pleasure of His own will. This does not mean that He acts without reason. Everything He does is in harmony with the highest reason. But He does not

give us His reasons; and we could not understand them if He did. "He giveth not account of any of His matters." Job 33:13. Neither is there any injustice in God's rule. His very nature is holiness, and that determines His will. So that "Judgment and justice are the foundation of His throne." Ps. 97:2.

This absolute kingship of the Almighty, with its universal extent, is largely the burden of the Old Testament. While the nations worshipped gods many and served lords many, the mission of Israel was to witness for the one living and true God who is over all. Isa. 43:5-7. Ps. 103:19; 135:5-7.

This was the lesson which Nebuchadnezzar, the great King of Babylon, had to learn. And he was sent forth to dwell with the beasts of the field till he should "Know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will." Dan. 4:25. And when his reason returned and his kingdom was restored to him, there is a peculiar grace in his confession recorded by the prophet Daniel. "I blessed the Most High, and I praised and honored Him that liveth forever: for His dominion is an everlasting dominion, and His kingdom from generation to generation. And all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing; and He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay His hand or say unto Him, 'What doest Thou?' Now I, Nebuchadnezzar, praise and extol and honor the King of Heaven: for all His works are truth, and His ways justice." And with touching tenderness and pathos, in humble cadence fall his last

words, "And those that walk in pride He is able to abase." Dan. 4:34-35, 37.

II. God, as the universal sovereign, is carrying out through all ages a definite and distinct purpose. And to that purpose He makes all things contribute—His rule is not a mere arbitrary, capricious, dictatorial despotism. That purpose, conceived in eternity, embraces eternity in its sweep. Every event, every action, every agency is estimated in its relation to this wide design. The purpose is expressed as the Kingdom of God. And the question by which all things are tested is, do they help or hinder the coming of the Kingdom, the fulfillment of the great design? Through all the confused history of our race; through the endeavor to realize high ideals; through the tender helpfulness of all kindly deeds; and through the wild strife of human passion; the eager efforts of ambition; the mad warfare of conflicting interests; the fierce cruelty of struggling armies; the rise and fall of nations; as well as through the terrible convulsions of nature, storm and flood, earthquake and famine; and the beneficent ministries of sunshine and rain, and the gentle benedictions of kindly nature; through all and by means of all our God is continually bringing nearer the kingdom of heaven. Well may the apostle magnify the infinite wisdom and knowledge which combines such varied and often contradictory agencies in the unity of one vast overruling purpose. "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are called according to His purpose." Rom. 8:28. "We were made a heritage, having been foreordained according to the

purpose of Him, who worketh all things after the counsel of His will." Eph. 1:11. "I am God, and there is none like Me; declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times things that are not yet done; saying my counsel shall stand, and I will do all My pleasure. I have purposed, yea, I will do it." Isa. 46:9-11.

III. This great purpose of the universal King is realized through Jesus Christ and our salvation in Him. The chief and controlling idea of this eternal purpose is to glorify God. The object aimed at in all that God does in carrying out his purpose is "To the intent that now unto the principalities and the powers in the heavenly places, might be made known through the Church, the manifold wisdom of God, according to the eternal purpose which He purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord." Eph. 3:10-11.

The purpose of God is the redemption of the race from sin and reconciling it to God; and so to restore the lost harmony of creation. As originally created man was in the image of God, and was made head over creation to rule it for God. Ps. 8; Gen. 1:28. But when he sinned he lost that likeness, and the crown fell from his brow and the scepter fell from his hand—and so confusion and strife were introduced into the creation. Rom. 8:20. But the pity and love of God, determined to reconcile man to his Creator, restore him to his high place, to rule the world for God, and so bring back the lost harmonies. For that purpose He gave His own Son, to take human nature and become man's Representative and Leader, to bring him again into fellowship with the Creator and re-establish him in his lost royalties, de-

livering him and the whole creation from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of Sonship. Rom. 8:21-23.

Now when this work is complete, and the Kingdom of God fully come, this high purpose realized to the utmost, it will be the triumph of righteous love. And the whole creation shall ring forever with praises to the glory of God's grace, which He freely bestowed on us in the Beloved. Then shall be realized "The mystery of His will, according to His good pleasure, which He purposed in Him (Jesus Christ) unto a dispensation of the fullness of the times, to sum up all things in Christ, the things in the heavens, and the things upon the earth." Eph. 1:9-10. The lost harmony of the creation restored, with man in Christ at the head of it, and love shall be supreme. The New Testament gives frequent assurance of this final victory of love. All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to the Son of man. Matt. 28:18. And now He is exalted above all rule and authority, and all things are put in subjection under His feet. Eph. 1:21-22. So while all things are not yet subject to man, we see Jesus, the Son of man, crowned with glory and honor." Heb. 2:9. The whole creation now groans in pain, but it is to be delivered from corruption and the groans shall work out an exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Rom. 8:18-23; 2 Cor. 4:17-18. This is the glory of God which is the end of His sovereign rule of all things. He is not seeking the mere flattery and adulation which are so grateful to an earthly king. The praises that He desires are the manifestations of Himself, His character in all His works. God's character is His glory.

And His purpose is fulfilled as that is impressed on and reflected by His children; and when everything in the universe shall be the perfect instrument by which His righteous love may express itself through eternity in all places of His dominion.

IV. There are certain practiced applications of these truths that are very helpful to God's children, to sustain, encourage or direct them amid the trials, dangers and temptations of their earthly life.

1. They are responsible to God, above any one else, for their conduct. As they are engaged in His service, His will is to be the law of their lives. He requires absolute obedience, whether we understand or not. No doubt there are often difficulties in the way; and our fellowmen may criticize and disapprove our course. But our business is to please God rather than men, be the consequences what they may. And we are to live constantly in view of the account we are to render to Him. This gives solemn meaning to our thoughts, words and deeds.

When men find fault with us, or try to make us conform to the world's customs or ideas, then our responsibility to God should give strength of resistance. Our Lord answered the Scribes and Pharisees, who loved the praise of men, "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me." John 6:38. Paul said to his critics, "It is a very small thing with me, that I should be judged of you or of man's judgment. I judge not mine own self. He that judgeth me is the Lord." 1 Cor. 4:3-4. God's approval compensates for man's opposition.

There is a tendency in us all to make the customs of society, or the vote of the people, or the law of the

land, the standard of conduct, as if we must answer to them as the highest authority. But not only individuals but kings and parliaments, presidents and senates have no right to set aside God's authority. And we are to obey God rather than men, when there is conflict. Let us imitate the example of Peter and John. Acts 4:19-20. Again this absolute universal rule of God gives courage in danger, and inspiration amid difficulties. We know that our God can deliver from every danger and can enable us to overcome greatest difficulties. As long as He needs our service in this world we are safe from every enemy. He can make the stars in their courses help His servants. Elisha in Dothan, surrounded by the army of the Syrian king, shows to his terrified servants the whole mountain filled with horses and chariots of fire. 2 Kings 6:15-17. The three Hebrew children, threatened with the burning fiery furnace, if they refuse to worship an idol, defy the mighty tyrant Nebuchadnezzar. "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from thy burning fiery furnace; and He will deliver us out of thy hand, O King." And it was so, for the angel of the Lord walked with them in the fire, and they had no hurt. Dan. 3:17-18, 25. Daniel is cast into the den of lions, because he would worship God, and God sent His angel and shut the mouths of the lions, and the unchangeable law of the Medes and Persians was void and of no effect against God's sovereign rule. Dan. 6:10-23. I heard the Rev. John G. Paton, the devoted missionary to the New Hebrides, say that his faith in God's absolute sovereignty gave him courage when he was surrounded by savages clamoring for his life, with a hundred

spears poised and pointed at his heart. He said he looked upon them with a calmness that seemed to awe them, for he was perfectly sure that not one of those spears could leave a warrior's hand or reach his body unless it was God's will. And if it had been God's will for Paton's work to end there, he could say, "Even so, Father—not my will but Thine be done." No man ever believed more absolutely nor submitted more thoroughly to God's sovereign will than the great General Stonewall Jackson. And when his splendid career of victory was ended by a mistaken volley from his own men, and he was told that his wound was mortal, although he knew how his country's hopes were depending on his skill, yet he said only, "It's all right; it is the Lord's will." There was nothing grander in his life than this humble submission to God's will.

When we thus stand with God against all opposition we may be sure of final victory—"One with God is always a majority." And He will "bring forth their righteousness as the light and their judgment as the noon day." Ps. 37:6. When the wicked triumph yet God will call them to account—and show them that He reigns. The remark of the French lady to the despotic, cruel king is ever more true, "Sir, God always pays. He may delay long, but in the end He pays." And we might add, "With interest, too."

2. If indeed God is carrying forward a great purpose, which began in a past eternity, and is to be realized in the eternal future, and which includes the whole creation, and uses the vast and varied forces of the universe for its ongoing, then our surrender of ourselves and all our powers as willing servants of

that purpose gives a wondrous dignity, significance and worth to our lives, which are no longer measured in terms of time and space, of matter and earth, but in values of eternity and infinity, of spirit and heaven. And they exercise an influence far beyond the narrow bounds of our individual circumstances. Life then gets a wider horizon and deeper foundations. We have the honor of being coworkers with God, and we place ourselves in line with the mighty agencies, material and spiritual, which He uses in governing the world. We are working for God's kingdom along with the elemental forces of nature, "Sun and moon and stars of light, the heaven of heavens, and waters above the heavens, all deeps, fire and hail, snow and vapors, stormy wind fulfilling His word." Ps. 148:3-4, 8. And we are companions of angels who "excel in strength, who do His commandments, hearkening unto the voice of His word." Ps. 103:20. These powers could crush us in a moment, but in the service of the King they are pledged for our protection and help. The angels have charge concerning us. Ps. 91:11; 34:7; Isa. 43:1-2.

It is beyond our wisdom to bring our activities into harmony with these mighty agencies; and it will often seem to us, when we are trying our best to do God's will, that all are against us, and that instead of helping on the kingdom of God, all things are in confusion, and are thwarting us, and that our efforts are vain and fruitless. But far above out of our sight sits the Almighty, All-wise King, who sees the end from the beginning, who can use our weakness to confound the mighty, and who can bind all the activities of His creatures together to accomplish a definite ob-

ject. This central, supreme purpose for which we work gives unity and consistency to our lives, and gives a worthy object for which we can work. How many lives in this world are vain and frivolous, sordid and empty, hard and narrow, mean and selfish, just because they have nothing of real and permanent value to live for. It is eating, drinking, sleeping, dressing, making money and spending it, gaming, dancing, and at last dying. And their influence for good is illustrated by sticking a rod into a pool of water and drawing it out, and marking the hole that it left. But this glorious, eternal purpose gives to every least act of service an eternal value. The splendid ideal that we are trying to realize gives its radiance to the humblest life. And the consciousness of being identified with this purpose of God, and of being used by Him, will be a growing encouragement and comfort. When Henry M. Stanley was penetrating the dreadful and deadly African forests in his search for Livingstone, he was sometimes so discouraged by difficulties that he was tempted to turn back. But he said that a strange, mysterious sense of being used and led by a Higher Power, would urge him forward until he found the great missionary explorer, and the world of Central Africa was opened. So when one makes the kingdom of God, or the purpose of God, the chief aim of life, he will recognize with increasing clearness the hand of God, that is leading him, and opening the way before him; and he shall know as he follows on. Here then is the duty; seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. Test every action, every course of conduct proposed by its effect in helping or hindering the king-

dom, and God will see to it that our lives shall bring forth fruit for eternity.

3. The aim of the kingdom of God, as we have seen, is to restore man to the image of God, that as the head of creation he may use all things for God. The origin of this kingdom of God was love, and the work of our Saviour was self-sacrificing love. And the principle that is to control the activities of the new creation is love founded on righteousness. John 3:16; Gal. 2:20; 1 Cor. 13.

So our duties as determined by the third great truth of the text are concerned with the motives and methods of our carrying out the purpose of our sovereign King and Father. The motive that is to inspire us in carrying forward the purpose of God, in the establishment of His kingdom, is love—in response to God's love for us. We are to love God supremely, and to love our fellowmen as ourselves. The Apostle John sums it up that we love God because He first loved us; and if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. 1 John 4:10-11, 19. And Paul declares that the love of Christ for us constrains us. 2 Cor. 5:14-15. So that love is the fulfilling of the law. Rom. 13:10. This love that answers to God's love is self-sacrificing. For our Saviour came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many. Matt. 20:28. And we are urged by the mercies of God to offer our bodies living sacrifices. Rom. 12:1. And it is the very nature of love to make sacrifices for those we love.

As to the manner in which this self-sacrificing love manifests itself. It is first of all by obedience to Jesus Christ (John 15:15), which is obedience to

God, and so restore them to His likeness. It seeks to lift them up to the original position of using this world to serve God. It would have them created anew in Christ Jesus, and so made Sons of God. And as Sons it helps them to glorify God by walking before Him in newness of life, in righteousness and true holiness. This love not only helps others to God, but it tries to make all things means of doing God's will and manifesting His glory. Thus love, by self-sacrifice, serves God in bringing men to Christ, in helping them to live for God, and in using the things of the world to do God's will.

This is the glorious truth, that the absolute sovereignty of God, carrying out a purpose of love, chose us in Christ Jesus in the eternity past, before the foundation of the world. In time it delivers us from the bondage of sin and restores us to our place as Sons of God, to rule the world for Him, and in Christ to subdue all to God's will. Then when the last enemy, Death, is destroyed, it places us on thrones of glory in heaven, where through eternity we shall serve God, leading the heavenly hosts, in giving praise, and honor, glory and dominion and power to our God.

THE PRINT OF THE NAILS

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"Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails I will not believe." (John xx. 25.)

The demands of dogmatic skepticism are not infrequently more intolerant than the traditions of faith. Doubt may be an expression of investigation; dogmatism is liable to be an expression of ignorance. The demand of Thomas in its spirit is the demand of a dogmatist, though at heart it was the plea of an honest doubter. The spirit of the demand was wrong; he would limit the evidence of the resurrection of Christ, and at the same time define its method. He who searches for truth will not impose limitations upon the truth giver; it is truth he seeks; he will be ready to receive it from any and every source, by any and every method. At heart Thomas was a real truth seeker and the demand he made of his fellow apostles was neither unrighteous nor unreasonable in the real content of the demand. He wanted to be sure that Jesus had risen; the craving of his heart was for reality; if his colleagues had seen the risen Redeemer, Thomas wanted to be sure that the man whom they had seen was the real Jesus whom he had known in Galilee and Samaria, in Bethany and Jerusalem. To Thomas the infallible proofs of the genuine Jesus were the marks of sacrifice which he bore; only the sacrificial Jesus could be the real Jesus. He had companied with Jesus long enough to know that his

Master carried with Him His own credentials; they were the credentials of sacrificial service, and doubtless to Thomas the supreme demonstration of the sacrificial Jesus was the crucified Jesus, crucified on the cross, in whose hands and feet nails had been driven.

I doubt whether Thomas went through any reasoning process along the lines I have indicated, but he knew the real Jesus in the flesh and did not want to lose Him; if Jesus be restored to him in his thought and life, then life itself would take on a new hue. Athwart his sky the clouds had been gathering deep and dark; for many days since the body of Jesus was laid by Joseph and Nicodemus in the tomb, no ray of light had illumined his benighted heart, but if the man whom his fellow apostles had seen were the real Jesus, the clouds would be shot through with glory, darkness would disappear and love would be enthroned in his soul; he would believe; he would more than mentally assent to the righteousness of that divine life; he would obey His commands, he would follow His teachings; he would be the perpetual slave of the risen Redeemer. Knowing the responsiveness of the heart of Thomas to the reality of His sacrifice, in tender compassion and in winsome word Christ brought to His perplexed follower the credentials of sacrifice, and when the revelation of the print of the nails was made, Thomas, this much-misunderstood and too often maligned skeptic, was converted into the biggest and boldest believer of the apostolic circle, and without reservation or qualification exclaimed "My Lord and My God!" The print of the nails is the only test of reality; it tests the reality of God and the reality of godlikeness. Christ

won the complete obedience of His hesitant and perplexed and doubting disciple by presenting the credentials of the print of the nails. There is no other proof of genuineness acceptable to a thinking man; the evidential value of any cause is shown by the revelation of the print of the nails. It is one of God's methods of declaring Himself; He has credentialled Himself by carving the principle of the print of the nails in all His work. You may test the presence of God in any place by the presence of the print of the nails.

If God is in His world as modern science contends, then we will expect to find in nature the print of the nails. God does not disappoint us here; in field and forest, or rock-ribbed mountain and in fertile filled valleys; everywhere in nature God has written the law of sacrifice. Nothing in the realm of nature is made for adornment alone. Sun and stars are for light, burning themselves up in order that man may be benefited. The rich soil of the field and prairie are impoverished in order that man may feed; the trees of the forest are sacrificed in order that fires may be kindled and man be made comfortable on the wintry night when biting, blasting storms beat without; trees that seem to have been grown for beauty alone are silent sufferers for the benefit of others.

Every harvest field waving its golden spears of grain, bending its heavy heads of ripened wheat or grain, is a demonstration of the print of the nails. Every season which produces a rich harvest produces also impoverished ground, for the soil yields its richness in order to make the harvest plenteous. A

bountiful harvest writes large the law that enrichment is possible only by impoverishment. Every spear of ripened grain making glad the heart of the tiller of the soil, stands in its own grave. The glory of the ripened grain is by the way of the grave. If the grain will not die, the greatest of all Teachers declares "that it abides alone." In that condition it is a scandal to itself and worthless to others. On every harvest field, whether of fruit or grain, God has written nature's interpretation of the print of the nails. If God had not written it so everywhere throughout His world, then skepticism might have concluded that God was not in His world and never had been. Modern science in reverent study has not put God out of His world, but rather has insisted that He is in His world, always has been in His world, and the credentials of His presence are the evidence of the print of the nails.

God's presence in the progress of the highest civilization has revealed the print of the nails. The civilization of Egypt and Babylon and Greece and Rome crumbled and came to naught because there was no evidence in these civilizations of the print of the nails. God was exiled from the counsels and conduct of the nations. Only as the print of the nails has been characteristic of modern civilization can we be assured that it has had the approval of God. The godless nations of the earth are demanding a revelation of the print of the nails before they will believe in the genuineness of the creed of the so-called Christian nations. The heathen of the Congo have a right to rise in dogmatic unbelief of European Christianity and say to Belgium with all its religious profession,

"Except we see the print of the nails we will not believe in your religion." Because there has been no revelation of the print of the nails, the Congo has become hardened in its godlessness and become heedless in its sin. Wherever so-called Christian civilization goes it is expected that it will carry the evidence of the print of the nails. China, with all its godless millions, steeped in depraved viciousness and shackled by heathen tradition, has a perfect right to say to England, who is debauching the multitudes in China by the opium-traffic, and to American traders who are equally debauching them by the carrying on of the rum traffic—China, I repeat, has the right to say to these representatives of so-called Christian nations, "Except we see the print of the nails, we will not believe." Seeing no evidence of the print of the nails in our Chinese exclusion law, how can we expect China to regard us as really Christlike. Only in so far as the nation's life persistently and perpetually reveals the print of the nails in its dealing with other nations, will these non-Christian nations have any confidence in or be attracted to the professed Christianity of the nations of the earth.

What God has revealed in nature and in the progress of civilization he has pre-eminently revealed in the gospel of the risen Redeemer. That gospel is powerless unless there is perpetually manifested in and through it the revelation of the print of the nails. From Bethlehem to Olivet the marks of the cross were upon Him. Neither His teachings, wonderful in their content and extent as they were, nor His miracles full of might and mercy, were as certain evidences of His power as a Redeemer as were the

print of the nails. Concerning Him and His mission the gospel declares "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." It is not my purpose at this time to enter into any extended exposition of the phrase that has perplexed multitudes, viz., "a ransom for many." We are concerned now with the underlying principle of His life. The work of His life was not to be served by somebody, but to serve everybody; not to receive, but to communicate; not to gather, but to give, and the kind of service which He rendered in working out that principle cost Him life blood. He could not render efficient service cheaper. In His ministry to others He poured forth life; this was the only kind of service that could possibly reveal His character as Redeemer. He was perpetually going about doing good, and the good which He did had on it the mark of the print of the nails. The print of the nails in the life of Jesus was not simply a manifestation of hands and feet through which crucifixion spikes had been driven; it was the revelation of what he had done daily and everywhere. Bethlehem had seen the print of the nails; Egypt had seen the print of the nails; Nazareth, Capernaum, Samaria, Hermon, Gethsemane and Calvary had seen the print of the nails; Jerusalem times without number had seen the print of the nails; Olivet had seen the print of the nails; the apostles had seen the print of the nails as He taught them; the people in crowds and alone had seen the print of the nails as He had helped and healed them; the rulers and Pharisees had seen the print of the nails as He had antagonized them. The path of Jesus from Bethlehem to Bethany was a

red road marked everywhere by the print of the nails. The manifestations of the print of the nails was not a spasm which overtook Jesus in an emergency in the upper room to cure the doubt of a single disciple; the truth is that everywhere He went and in everything He did He poured out His life in sacrificial sympathy and service. Everywhere that characteristic distinguishes Him from earth's best men; even among the towering leaders of thought he stands supreme. Matthew Arnold, who in some phases of his thought reminds one of a cultured pagan, was fascinated by the character and writings of Marcus Aurelius. It might be acknowledged that Arnold was right in declaring that Marcus Aurelius was one of the most beautiful figures in history, and admiringly refers to him as "the unique and incomparable Marcus Aurelius." But Matthew Arnold, after a study of the ethical teachings of Marcus Aurelius, says when one rises from the study of them that "it is impossible to rise without feeling that the burden laid upon man is well nigh greater than he can bear. Marcus Aurelius saved his own soul by his righteousness, and he could do no more." This is the inevitable conclusion to which a cultured mind comes concerning the inefficiency of ethical culture to save a man from his sins. There is no Redeemer in the creed of Marcus Aurelius; there is no evidence of the print of the nails; he might save his own soul by his righteousness, but he was unfit to be a human redeemer to others. Contrast the statement of Matthew Arnold concerning Marcus Aurelius with the unconscious tribute which the scoffers and enemies of Jesus paid to Him when He was hanging on the cross dying

for the sins of the whole world; they taunted and ridiculed and derided, and said: "He saved others, himself he can not save." Of course He could not; no man can save himself and at the same time save others. Write the word "ineffectual" over the creed of Marcus Aurelius; but write in blazing, burnished letters of imperishable gold over the cross of Christ, "Efficient and sufficient for all men." I fancy that even Matthew Arnold had a better vision of Christ the Redeemer than is frequently intimated in his writings, or than one would conclude from many of his utterances. The last Sunday he spent on earth it is reported that he attended divine worship in the Sef-ton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, and heard John Watson preach the gospel, and as he went out of the church to his home he was heard humming the hymn:

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died;
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

And if the print of the nails are the credentials of the Christ, then it must follow that the only true credentials of the genuine Christian are these same credentials of the print of the nails. The meaning of the cross of Christ in the life of the follower of

Christ is more than a historic dogma ; the atonement of Jesus is not simply a theory, it is a working program, a vital principle, the one enduring evidence that Christ is really resident and dominant in the life of His followers. Professor George Adam Smith, of Scotland, in one of his lectures to the students of Yale University, declared "If we are to get our fellows to believe in the redemptive virtue of the cross of Christ, it will be by proving to them that vicarious suffering and its ethical value are no arbitrary enactments of God, but natural to life and inevitable wherever sin and holiness, guilt and love, encounter and contend." Christ's sacrifice on the cross must be made to live anew in the life of His disciples. The value of that cross is not only theological, but ethical ; the principle of the print of the nails is natural to life, and is absolutely inevitable wherever there is a conflict between sin and holiness, between guilt and love, between rebellion of selfishness and the divinity of sacrifice. In the light of this principle it is forever impossible for the followers of Christ to be content to sing, "In the cross of Christ I glory" unless that cross is reproduced in ethical expression in the kitchen, at the fireside, in the school room, behind the counter, in the social circle, on the street, in the factory, on Wall street, in law courts, in legislatures, in the college and in the church ; indeed, wherever the life of man needs the life of God.

In my boyhood days I do not remember of having ever heard the 15th chapter of Paul's first letter to the Corinthians except at funerals ; it sounded then to me as if it were a sort of a dirge of a dead hand ;

the pall of the grave was over it. The hand of death shut it in; there were no gleams of glory shooting through the wondrous truths of this mighty paean of praise. I felt an inner protest then; I express an outer protest now; this utterance of St. Paul was not penned for the dead, but for the living. It is true it expresses the faith of the living in the eternal blessedness of those who have passed on from earth to heaven, but it is intended to be an argument for work in this world more than it is to be a soothing solace to the sorrowing because of the heavenly rest granted those who have been released from earthly toil. Read the last utterance in the chapter and test my statement. This master logician is concluding an argument, and he says: "Therefore, my beloved brethren;" why this "Therefore?" The "Therefore" of his argument is as follows: Because all life in Christ is immortal; because men who are united to Christ in eternal life can never die; because they who are united to Christ are to serve Christ among men, "Therefore, my beloved brethren," he says to those that are alive, "be ye steadfast, always abounding in the work of the Lord." He seems to open the heavens and allow the inspiration of immortality to flood the earth life and shoot its glory and inspiration through the commonest tasks of daily duty. He is seeking to breathe the spirit of immortality into mortality; to bring the light of the eternal glory to glorify that which is natural and which is corruptible. In the struggle for the victory of the spiritual over the earthly, the corruptible and mortal man is not to despair; Christ has placed within him a life that can never be extinguished by death; death is swal-

lowed up in life; the grave is illumined by an immortal light. We are not as the beasts of the field, nor the fishes of the sea, nor the birds of the air; we are immortal by virtue of Christ, and because of that immortality, He says, "Therefore;" on this account, being immortal and incorruptible and eternal in reality, "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." He is appealing on the basis of our immortality for us to be faithful and steadfast and unmovable in the work of the Lord down here upon earth; he exhorts us to abound always in the work of the Lord, because, he argues, we know that our labor is not in vain in the Lord. It is that word "labor" that stands out; a particular kind of labor that has on it a particular stamp; that expresses itself in a particular fashion. What means that word "labor?" It does not mean the ordinary, every day task that is undertaken as a sort of inevitable burden because we cannot avoid it; it does not mean rising in the morning, providing meals for the household, going to business, taking up the tasks of life in whatever sphere they may be just because it has been our custom so to do, or because we regard it as part of "the daily round, the common task." It means that sort of labor that wrings blood out of the heart, exhausts sympathy from the soul, saps vitality from the being, while through it all there breathes the motive and spirit of the Christ of the print of the nails; when work is done in Christ's name, with His spirit, for His glory, so that He shall be able to win his way in the hearts of the unbelieving men, this sort of labor shall be Christ's credentials of appeal

to men who need Him, and want to know Him, but like Thomas of old, find it difficult to discover the real Jesus without the print of the nails. The only evidence that our labor for Christ is not in vain is the test of the print of the nails. Men will never be convinced by any other credentials.

The only service for Christ that counts for Christ is the service that brings blood exhaustion to the man or woman who labors in it. If the teaching of your Sunday school class, if your visitation upon the sick, if your consolation of the sorrowing, if your leading of the class meeting, if your participation in any of the religious work of the church or community does not bring out blood drops from your heart and your service have on it the print of the nails, then that work has not in it power to win perplexed, despairing, selfish, sinning men to Jesus Christ. We are prone to believe somehow that men in public positions, or those whom we regard as specially called to religious work, should have upon their service for Christ the sacrificial mark; but the truth is that every Christian who is genuinely Christ's must have the same sacrificial stamp upon him. There is not one standard for the man who preaches the gospel as a foreign missionary amid the vices and degradations of Africa, and another standard for the pastor of the city church in America; Christ demands the same type of sacrifice from each and from all.

Some months ago Bishop Brent, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, whose diocese was the Philippine Islands, was elected to the diocese of Washington, the capital of this Nation, to succeed the late Bishop Satterlee, of this diocese. In Manila this godly man's

service was characterized everywhere as he went about doing good by the print of the nails; and when this bishopric in Washington was offered to him he declined it, cabling to those in authority: "God bids me stay. John 5:30." John 5:30 reads: "I can of mine own self do nothing; as I hear I judge; and my judgment is just because I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me." That answer was apostolic; it reminds one of the saying of the Apostle Paul in writing to the Galatians: "Henceforth let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." His attitude was so unusual that the New York Times, in a very significant paragraph, refers to his declination of the comfortable bishopric in Washington as one of the few refreshing examples of true Christianity, preferring service in a climate that was debilitating and social routine so utterly unattractive for the sake of Christ. Mr. Taft proclaimed Bishop Brent to be a martyr, but a martyr without the slightest suspicion of a hint of vainglory in his martyrdom. Then this secular paper says, referring to Bishop Brent, "He had everything to gain by accepting it, and everything to lose but the chance of heroic service by declining it; he is one man in ten thousand, and not only his church, but the whole world, will be proud of him." But I declare that the same sacrificial spirit which actuated Bishop Brent to remain in the Philippines to reveal the print of the nails, is incumbent upon every follower of Christ in any and every land, and in any and every station. It is as essential for the business man as the bishop. It is a sad reflection on the reality of our Christian pro-

fession that he probably is one man in ten thousand ; but every one of the ten thousand followers of Christ ought to have the same sacrificial spirit and remain at his God-appointed task, whatever it may cost, though wringing blood from his heart, sapping vitality from his system, revealing the print of the nails in his hand.

To you, my fellow-laborers in the gospel of Christ, and upon you it is just as incumbent, whether you be in the stock exchange, or in the law office ; in the physician's responsibility, or in the place of the manufacturer ; whether you engage in building houses, or making shoes, or writing books, or teaching children, or visiting the sick, or leading a religious meeting ; if there is no print of the nails in your every day Christianity, you cannot expect people to believe in your Christ. Multitudes of people surround you ; many come in contact with you in church and out of church, in business, in the home, and in recreation ; and every last godless, worldly, selfish, un-Christlike individual is unconsciously but really making this demand on you. "Except in you I see the print of the nails I will not believe in your Christ."

The test of the print of the nails is the test of organized Christianity in the church. The church is what you are, but the church in its organized activities reveals certain standards, and proclaims certain principles which any community is quick to interpret. The most significant symbols of the church life are the cross and the cup ; the cross on its tower, and the cup at its altar in the celebration of the holy sacrament. Both are the revelators of the print of the nails ; no church can win men to Christ except

as it perpetually reveals in its mission, its motive, its message and its ministry the print of the nails; no church can prosper that does not pour out its life for others; it cannot serve itself and live; it cannot save itself unless it saves the community in which it is located. Whatever may be the methods of its work, its supreme mission must be to reveal the print of the nails, and by that revelation to compel men to acknowledge the authority and divinity and desirableness of Christ. Methods of work may change because conditions change, but the method of revealing the real Christ never changes because Christ is unchangeable, and the eternal unchangeable method of revealing the genuine Jesus is by the revelation of the print of the nails. It should stamp every public service, every religious meeting, every social gathering, every form of endeavor, whether philanthropic or industrial, every club or circle, every member and family in this church; so will Christ come to men and men will come to Christ. The world is restless without Christ; the world hungers for the real Jesus. They will not believe unless they see; they will not see unless we reveal; and except they see the print of the nails Christ will have no place in their life.

In a most spiritually suggestive sermon on "Gethsemane, the Rose Garden of God," Mr. Robertson Nicoll, the accomplished and versatile editor of the British Weekly, reminds us, "that without the shedding of blood there is nothing, no mighty result, no achievement, no triumph. No great thing can be accomplished without the shedding of blood." He reminds us that the word "bless" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word "blood;" when he concludes that

where there is no blood there is no blessing. "You can lighten," he says, "another's way by cups of cold water, by simple gifts and smiles, by friendly words, and these things are great in the eyes of Christ, but to bless in the superlative degree we must part with life; without shedding of blood it cannot be." Having illustrated this principle as the law of the kingdom of God when he comes to speak of the mission of the church, its apparent lack of spiritual power and its only source of achievement, he declares, "When the world is become one great Gethsemane, we shall see over it all the flowers that grow and grow only in the garden where Christ's brow dropped blood. The church of Christ must be in an agony, praying more earnestly, sweating as it were, great drops of blood, before the world can be brought to Christ. There is no life without death. Gethsemane is the Rose Garden of God." Shall this church occupy her energies in planting passion flowers in this "Rose Garden of God?" Where is the print of the nails in your life? What service have you rendered for Christ which bears evidence of the nail prints? Can the work which you have done for Christ be catalogued with that sort of labor that "Is not in vain in the Lord" because it has cost you the shedding of blood? Have you bled to bless? Have you saved yourself and forgot your Redeemer could not save Himself because he saved others? Have you heard the sympathetic plea of the unbeliever standing close at your side crowding you, not with impertinent dogmatic questioning, but with pleading perplexity, saying, "Except I see the print of the nails I will not believe?"

Holding aloft the cross of Christ in which we trust and which we carry at the head of His advancing host, and holding forth the cup of Christ which we will share with all who love our Christ, we will march thus to victory and the gates of hell shall not prevail against us. So let it be. Amen.

PSALM LI.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me throughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit.

13 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

THE PRIESTHOOD OF CHRIST

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"But this man, because he continueth ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood; wherefore he is able also to save unto the uttermost those that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." (Heb. vii. 24, 25.)

Priesthood has been denounced as the chronic disorder of the human race, but the denunciation only discloses the dullness of the scoffer who indulges it.

Religion is neither an accident nor a superstition; it is a necessity, which springs out of human conscience and emotion as surely as the stream gushes from the fountain. The old Latin word which has come down to us, means primarily a binding back, a refastening of the frayed ties which hold man to his Maker. Since God is a Spirit, whom no man hath seen or can see, in whose unveiled presence no man can live, there is a natural demand for mediation.

Paganism perceives this and appoints her princes to be her priests and ministers in sacred things. It accords uncommon honor to astrologers, to magicians, to soothsayers, to interpreters of omens and oracles, to all who deal with the mysteries of the unseen world, and it crowns them with the ensignia of rank and dignity.

Among God's ancient people the father, as ruler over his own house, was the primitive priest, who was appointed to deal with Jehovah on behalf of the family. Job rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt offerings according to the number of his children, for Job said: "It may be that my sons have sinned and cursed God in their hearts"; thus did Job continually. When the waters of the flood subsided, leaving death and desolation in their wake, Noah gathered his household, the remnant of a rejected race, and offered sacrifices of every clean beast and every clean fowl; and the Lord smelled the savor of rest, and the Lord said: "I will not again curse the ground for man's sake, neither will I any more smite every living thing."

As the family grew into the tribe, and tribes blended into nations, the patriarchal priest passed

into the national priest, who directed the devotions of the people. At Rephidim, Moses built an altar, and called it Jehovah-Nisi; and there in solemn services he pledged the people to ceaseless war against Amalek. Later the molding influences of time were owned and authorized in divine law. God said unto Aaron: "Thy sons with thee shall keep the priest's office for everything of the altar and within the veil, and ye shall serve. I have given you the priest's office for a gift of service."

Clothed in garments of beauty and consecrated with imposing rites the high priest of Israel represented the culmination of earthly priesthood. In character and functions he became a notable though imperfect type of the promised Messiah. On the one hand there was the annulling of a previous commandment as weak and worthless, and on the other the bringing in of a better hope. For they were made priests without an oath, but this man with an oath by him that said: "The Lord sware, and will not change. Thou art a priest forever." For the law makes high priests of men who are imperfect; but the word of the oath, which came after the law, appoints the Son, who is perfected forever. And they indeed were priests many in number, because they were taken off by death. "But this man, because he continueth ever, hath an unchanging priesthood. Wherefore he is able also to save unto the uttermost those who come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

The character of the Levitical priest is rendered conspicuous by the qualities of compassion, gentleness, mercy. For every high priest taken from among

men and appointed for men is able to deal gently with the ignorant and erring, since he himself is compassed with infirmity, and is so bound to offer sacrifice first for his own sins, and then for the sins of the people. In this the priest differs from the prophet. Prophets are men raised up to meet emergencies in the history of the people. They are critics and censors, who come with a whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool. They are moral heroes, who dare to resist popular wrongs, and proclaim unpopular truth in resentful ears; and their words of denunciation and threatening sweep over society, as thunder sweeps the sky, and cause men to blanch with apprehension and tremble with fear. But the priest is not a censor and judge. He comes not with the scales of justice in one hand and the sword of vengeance in the other, that he may weigh out guilt and inflict punishment; but he comes as a mediator and minister of peace. He stands between sin and guilt and condemnation on the one side and wrath and judgment and penalty on the other, and by gifts and sacrifices and supplications he becomes a medium of mercy and remission. His brow never knots with indignation, and his fists never clench with resentment; but his face forever beams with benevolence, and his hands extend in ceaseless blessing.

This man fills up the measure of priestly character. He came not to condemn the world, but to bring a message of pardon and peace; not to destroy men's lives, but to grant life, and that more abundantly. He took not on him the nature of angels, for surely he does not succor angels; but, succoring the race of man, he took on him the seed of Abraham. It be-

hooves him in all things to be made like unto his brethren, tempted in all points and touched with a feeling of their infirmities, that he might be a faithful and merciful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make atonement for the sins of men. He went into bondage to the flesh, humbling himself, and taking the form of a servant, that he might touch every note in the gamut of human woe, and might be a brother to the lowliest of the race. He began at infancy, a sort of beggar's child, born in a stall and cradled in a manger. By the powers of oppression he was forced to flee into Egypt, and when recalled, he was hidden away as a culprit among the hills of Galilee. He grew up in the ranks of toil; and though the world was made by him, he wandered over the earth without a place to lay his head. He suffered, being tempted; and in his noblest triumphs he felt the pang of suspicion, of treachery, of heart-breaking reproach.

There is no criminal's child hiding in a goods box and trembling at the sound of approaching footsteps, no drunkard's child shivering in a garret and dreading the father's return, no gypsy's child sobbing behind the tent or skulking in the brush, that knows any sorrow of which he is ignorant. There is no woman broken by disaster and dying by inches, as she yearns for blasted hopes and buried loves, and weeps in rayless gloom, to whom He does not speak in fathomless compassion: "Woman, why weepest thou?" There is no man grappling the tempter in an agony of conflict, no man bowing his shoulders to burdens of poverty and disease or grinding his soul away in a mill of endless toil, no man sweating blood in

prayer for aid that never comes, and at last drinking the bitter cup derided of men and forsaken of God, but may find the like in the life of this man, who is made a priest for us. A man of sorrows, he is acquainted with grief in all its forms; and with measureless pity he presses through barriers of caste and creed, race and culture, to lay his healing hand upon loathsome lepers, or to sit in sympathy with publicans and harlots, because they need Him so. His heart is with the weak and helpless; He yearns over them and longs to gather them to Himself, even as a hen doth gather her chickens under her wings. In his priestly character he is perfect every whit.

The first function of priesthood is to offer gifts and sacrifices, and thereby open the way for remission of sins. It is written: "The priest shall make atonement for you, to cleanse you, that ye may be clean from all your sins before the Lord. This shall be an everlasting statute unto you, to make atonement for the children of Israel for all their sins." By the law almost everything is purged with blood, and without the shedding of blood there is no remission; for thus saith the Lord: "I have given you the blood upon the altar to make an atonement for your souls, for it is the blood that maketh atonement." In earlier Jewish annals the Day of Atonement was the most solemn day of the whole year, and men approached it with trembling hearts. It was a day of life and death, as the high priest clad in official robes and walking with bared feet approached the altar and offered up the sacrifice of blood, that it might be possible to forgive sins.

Yet all this was only a type. The blood of bulls and goats had no redemptive qualities. The law having a shadow of good things to come, and not the very substance of the things, could never with the sacrifices which were offered from year to year bring men into perfect peace with God, else it would not have ceased. At best the law was a means of disclosing sin and impressing the need of remission, and it had no power to impart righteousness. The noblest ritual ever enacted failed to quell the qualms of a guilty conscience, and dispel the fear of coming wrath. As it was repeated from year to year, it waned in power, the Holy Ghost thus signifying that the way into holy living was not yet disclosed. The first tabernacle stood as a figure of that which was to come. What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God accomplished through His own Son, whom he sent in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled through his atoning work. Wherefore coming into the world He said: "Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire, and hadst no pleasure therein; lo, I come with delight to do thy will, O God." He repudiated the sacrifice of beasts and birds, that He might bring an offering of richer blood and nobler name than they. He set aside the first, that He might establish the second, whereby we are sanctified through the sacrifice of Himself. Holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, He offered Himself as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, and by so much he became the author of eternal salvation for all those that obey Him. Regardless of all the theories that have vexed the minds

of men, the fact remains: "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us"; and his blood, as of a lamb without spot, cleanseth from all sin. Being justified by faith in the blood, the worst of sinners may find peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom they receive atonement, and have redemption and forgiveness of sins.

The work of the priest, however, extends beyond the ministrations of the altar. Of old the high priest offered up the appointed sacrifices; then turning from the sight of adoring throngs he passed into the awful silence of the inner sanctuary, that he might meet Jehovah at the mercy seat, and there make intercession for the sins of the people. He stood daily ministering, and offering many times the same sacrifices, which could never take away sins; but this man, after offering one complete sacrifice, forever sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high. Not with the blood of bulls and goats slain by the temple altar, but with his own precious blood shed on Calvary; not into the holy place made with hands, a figure of the true, but into heaven itself, he passed from the sight of men, there to appear in the presence of God to make intercession for the saints. Having explored all the dread caverns of the underworld, he came forth bringing the spoils; and amid shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it," He passed to the mediatorial throne. Now, if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father; and he is both a propitiation and a plea. He knows the mind of God, and makes his prayer according to the divine will. He pleads the covenant of grace, the finished redemption, the fulfilled law, the despoiled grave, the glory of the holy

name, and the justice of justification, since God may be just in justifying the ungodly through faith. Not after the order of Aaron with its ceaseless succession from father to son, but after the power of an endless life, He abides a priest forever to make intercession for His own.

Wherefore! O hear this divine logic, which is as stable as the eternal throne! Hear, and drop your doubts, and drive your fears away! Wherefore, He is able to save unto the uttermost every soul that comes! Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name given under heaven among men whereby they must be saved; nor is there need of other names. He has all the forms of power. By his physical power he metes out the heavens with a span, and weighs the hills in scales. By his authority, which compasses all things in the heavens above and in the earth beneath, he administers all judgment, that all men should honor Him even as they honor the Father. Above all principality and power, might and dominion, and every other name written on the scroll of eternity, He sits in majesty supreme, holding all things in subjection and having pre-eminence over all. Oh! he is able to save the high and the low, the rich and the poor; able to bind the dragon, that old serpent which is the Devil and Satan, and hurl him into the abyss of hell; able to pluck up by the roots the foul tree of death, whose noisome shadow has enwrapped the globe, and rendered the earth a place of skulls; able to transmute the grief and groan of nature, travailing in pain and awaiting the promised redemption, into a ceaseless song of triumph, which shall roll through a disenthralled universe and

proclaim all things new; able by one impulse of His majestic thought to sound the knell of time, and silently open the gates of vast eternity, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest! The sea that laves all lands is no fit emblem of his fulness, for every drop taken away leaves less to swell the tides; but he is the same yesterday, today, forever, and in him dwells all the fulness of God. The sun shining in strength is no sufficient symbol of his glory, for the sun shall be turned into darkness before the great and notable day of the Lord; but even then this man shall shine forth in the glory of God.

The highest schemes that human wisdom can devise or human energy execute are marred by imperfection. Under the best forms of government injustice and oppression prevail; guilt goes unsmitten of the scourge, and helpless wrong cries in vain for redress. Science ransacks the laboratory of nature in search of remedies for physical ills; yet disease and pain continue their remorseless march, and drive the nations to the tomb. Sociology propounds her theses, education pursues her vitalizing work, and charity extends her bountiful hand; yet poverty and ignorance and manifold miseries remain. The whole realm of human effort abounds in abortion; but God never fails. Sending forth His Son, that the world through Him might be saved, he puts boundless resources at his command. He is able unto the uttermost, and his ability is power clothed in goodness, might melting with compassion. He is able to tread down his enemies in anger, and trample them in fury; but He has pity for such as are weak and out of the

way. The dearest conceptions reached by reasoning or born out of experience are but faint unfoldings of the fathomless truth, that this man, who sits at the right hand of God, cares for us, yearns over us, extends the sceptre of pardon, stoops to lift our burdens and heals our wounds. O throne of iron, from which through ages past thunders of indignation and wrath have been flung to affright the guilty race, avaunt, and quit my sight! O throne of ebony, draped in clouds and darkness, emitting smoke and mists and mystery to appall the souls of men, depart hence! O throne of crystal, shimmering in brightness and casting a chilling light which no man can approach, give thou place! O throne of gems, thou seat of grace, center of power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing, abide forever! O thou that sittest thereon, I yield myself to thee! Be thou my Lord, and thou my Saviour evermore! Amen.

"With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above:
His heart is full of tenderness;
His bosom glows with love.

Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour."

CHRIST TEMPTS MEN TO HEROISM

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TEXT—"Let us go into Judea again." (John xi. 7.)

1 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

8 When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

9 Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

10 When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

11 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

12 Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies: for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

13 I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

14 Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

This is Christ's challenge to His friends—not to His foes, but to His friends, to His followers, to His disciples, to those who have accepted Him. To those who doubt Him, and are disposed to reject Him, Christ also has a challenge. To these He says: "Try me. Put me to the test. If any man will do my will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak from myself." But Christ also has a challenge for His friends, and here it is. "Let us go into Judea again."

To understand what is involved, we must have the entire occasion before us.

THE INCIDENT.

Christ had been driven out of Judea. There His enemies had sought to kill Him. They had actually stoned Him. The account of this persecution is given in the chapter preceding that from which the text is taken. Christ escaped out of the hands of His enemies. He sought refuge beyond Jordan, where John had first baptized, and where His own ministry started. Great crowds came to Him there. There were many converts. At last He had reached a place where He was appreciated, where He had peace.

A call has come to return to Judea. It is urgent. It is from His friends. They need Him. It is from the home in Bethany. His friends there are in trouble. Lazarus is desperately ill. In their distress they send for Jesus, their dearest friend, to come to them, back to Judea, back to the enemy's country, back where His foes have tried to kill Him, where He has encountered fierce opposition and hatred. It is a call to leave popularity and friends and converts,

and "go back to Judea again." What shall He do?

He waited two whole days before announcing His decision—not before reaching His decision, but before announcing it. Was He undecided Himself? Was He afraid to return? I think not.

I like to think that He was human enough to enjoy the peace and appreciation that had come to Him by the riverside. It was like an oasis in the desert. He enjoyed it. The rest there was balm to His weary heart. But He was not afraid to return, and He did not hesitate to do so because of peril.

He waited for the sake of Mary and Martha. He would teach them a new lesson. He was about to do a wonderful thing, to manifest His mighty power by raising the dead. He would show them that He is not dependent on dates, that He did not need to hurry, that delays are not defeats, and so He would strengthen their faith in Him. This was one reason.

He waited also for the sake of His disciples. He would give them time to take in the situation, to talk it over among themselves. They did so, and were soon in a panic. They saw the peril, and were thoroughly scared. They said it would never do to go back. They seemed to say: "We are sorry for the folks at Bethany. It is too bad that Lazarus was taken sick just at this time, but they cannot expect us to imperil our lives. It will never in the world do for us to venture back into Judea again."

Then Christ announced His decision. He said: "We will return. Let us go into Judea again." It took away their breath. It threw them into a worse panic. It filled them with dismay. They began to protest, to point out the danger of the situation. They

said: "Master, the Jews of late sought to stone Thee, and goest Thou thither again?" "You have forgotten what you ran away from. You are doing good here. You have crowds and converts. Master, don't go; don't go into Judea again!"

Christ's reply sounds at first as though His mind were a thousand miles away from the subject. He said: "Are there not twelve hours in the day? If any man walketh in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world; but if a man walk in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him." What has that to do with Judea? It reminds me of an evening when I took Dr. Samuel Zwemer to call on a rich man in Newark for the purpose of securing a contribution for foreign missions. When Dr. Zwemer began to talk about missions this gentleman began to talk about trout fishing in Yellowstone Park, and every time Dr. Zwemer attempted to return to the subject of missions the man seemed to increase his enthusiasm for trout fishing. However, Christ is not so far from the subject as He seems. What He means is that man's life is a plan. He has his work to do. As long as he is in the path of duty, he is safe. Duty is the day; the desertion of duty is the night. When one deserts his duty he is in darkness and stumbles. "Back to Judea" is duty. What if peril awaits us? The road is aflame with light. Let us go.

Then Christ says: "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth, but I go that I may awake him out of sleep." Lazarus is our friend. Shall we desert him? Has he no claims on us? Shall we allow peril to frighten us, the desire for personal safety to lead us to desert our

friend? Let us go, for friendship as well as duty summons!"

Again the disciples protest. They say: "Lord, let him sleep. It will do him good. Sleep is sweet. He needs rest. It will not hurt him to be laid aside from active work for a little while." "Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well." Then Christ threw off the mask and told them the blunt truth. "Lazarus is dead. Let us go."

The last word was spoken by Thomas the doubter. He says a thing that is either very fine or very shameful, just as you take it. In either case it is pessimistic. He says: "Let us also go, that we may die with him." Die with whom? Does he mean die with Lazarus? It seems so. "Lazarus is dead. Let us go that we may die with him." Is Thomas sullen and ugly? He seems to say: "Lazarus is dead, and the Master has determined to place us all in jeopardy by this foolish trip back to Judea. It will be the death of all of us. Lazarus is dead, and the rest of us will soon be dead; but it has to be, so let us get through with it as quickly as possible!" If that is what he meant, shame on Thomas!

Or did he mean: "Let us go and die with Christ, with our blessed Lord. He is determined to go back and place Himself once more in the hands of His enemies. We cannot dissuade Him. He will do His duty if it costs Him His life. We will not desert Him. We love Him, and we will stay with Him to the end. If He is to go to His death, we will walk by His side, and die, too!" Is that what Thomas meant? If so, it is splendid, sublime! It is pessimistic, but magnificent.

And so they went back to Judea, back into the enemies' country, back into the zone of peril, back where persecution sought them at every turn, and death lurked behind every shadow, back where the happy days on the banks of the Jordan, with the eager listening crowds and the hush of reverent devotion, and the joy of heart-surrendering to the Saviour's love were all a thing of the past. This was Christ's challenge to His disciples, to His followers, to those who lean on Him for salvation, and look to Him for leadership.

CHRIST TEMPTS MEN TO HEROISM.

Christ tempts men to forget themselves, and think of their task, to despise peril, hail hardship, to be oblivious of personal loss or danger or disaster, to think more of their cause than of their comfort, to lay down their lives rather than desert their work.

One must reach this before he can follow Christ back to Judea, before he can follow Him anywhere, before he can live a single day in real fellowship with the Saviour. Christ's true comrades are always comrades of the Cross. Indeed, one must have this spirit of heroism before he can be of any real value to society and civilization, before he can be worth anything to either God or man. As long as one asks: "What am I to get out of this?" he is on a commercial basis, and trying to exploit society for his personal profit and advantage. As long as one keeps on thinking of himself, complaining that he is not being treated right, whining because he does not get enough attention, regarding himself as slighted and overlooked, he is just one of a mob of midgets, an in-

sect in the swarm of humanity, clamoring for his crumb. But when he forgets himself and thinks of his cause, when he welcomes peril as a chance for service, when he takes up his cross and is not afraid to lay down his life, he leaves the mob and escapes the swarm and gets into the hero class of the world.

This is the temptation Christ sets before men. It is the business He has been doing in the world from that day long ago when under a leaden sky He hung on a cross and died for a cause. Christ has been tempting men to the heroic. He has been filling earth with deeds of heroism. He has been sending out into all the fields of human need men and women with the hero spirit.

He has made this temptation stern with the face of duty. We are safe only when in the path of duty. Let it lead us where it may. It is not what pleases, it is not where languor invites nor rest beckons nor gain allures, but where duty summons, that we should go. Languor enfeebles, lust rots, gain seduces, only duty ennobles. To walk in the light, one must travel duty's road.

He has made the temptation to heroism sweet with the face of friendship. He has given to peril the motive of love. He teaches men that they are brothers. Hate is hell, and suspicion and envy and malice are hate's offspring. Love is a star, a sun. Let love impel and danger can never affright.

Then to duty and friendship, He has added the spell of Calvary. He tempts men to heroism with the charm of that sweet story of old, of the green hill far away where the dear Lord was crucified. He throws around it the fascination of His own person-

ality, the glory of His own devotion, until men say: "As He laid down His life for us, so ought we to lay down our lives for the brethren." Thus He calls men back into Judea. Thus He tempts men to heroism.

DOES HE TEMPT US?

Ever and again we gather around the communion table, and dwell on the glory of the cross. We become hero worshipers, and are captured by the splendor of that sacrifice which glows like a sun behind the simple sacrament in which Christ's followers through all the years have kept tryst with Him, and celebrated the heroism of the cross. In the hallowed hush of our communion seasons, I trust we feel His presence, and have the joy and peace of the ministry of the Lord Himself. But is the communion to spend itself in a hush, a glow, a peace? The Saviour of the sacrament throws down His challenge to His disciples in the very act of communion. He says: "Can you drink of the cup that I drink of, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" He has a right to do so, for He has been to the Cross Himself. If some people were to talk to us of heroism we would resent it. We would say: "What have you ever done that licenses you to speak to me of sacrifice?" But Christ has been to Calvary. He has a right to call for sacrifice, devotion, and heroism. He has a right to say: "Let us go into Judea again."

What say we? Do we draw back, frightened, as were the disciples, saying: "Let well enough alone. Let us have peace. Let us enjoy our religion. Why this everlasting insistence on sacrifice? Are we ready

for Judea, for service, for surrender, for self-denial, for sacrifice, for heroism; or are we merely after exemption and a crown?

Heroism must tempt us if Lazarus is to rise, if the tomb is to open, if the dead are to live again, if souls are to be saved. If your work as a Christian is to amount to anything, you must be willing to make sacrifices. It is the element of sacrifice you put into your work that counts. King Humbert was once due to attend a banquet at Monza. The day he was to leave, word came that cholera was raging in Naples. He sent a telegram saying: "Banquet in Monza. Cholera in Naples. I go to Naples." That is the spirit that rules the world. It is for disciples with the spirit of heroism that Christ calls. He is seeking for followers who will take up His challenge, who, when he says, "Let us go into Judea again," reply, "Lord, we are ready." A friend of mine, Dr. Ezra S. Tipple, President of Drew Theological Seminary in New Jersey, spent a recent summer in England, and has written the story of his travels in a volume entitled, "Some Famous Country Parishes." In one of the chapters he writes of John Fletcher, and his Madeley parish. Fletcher was a young Swiss who decided to join the Portuguese army and go to Brazil. He went to Lisbon and became captain of a company. While waiting for his ship to sail, a careless maid spilt a kettle of boiling water on Fletcher, so seriously scalding him that he had to be left behind when his company sailed, and so Providence used a careless maid to keep the youth in Europe. Desiring to learn English, he went to England and became tutor in the family of a wealthy man named Hill, in

Shropshire. This gentleman was a member of Parliament. One day on the way to London with his family, they stopped at a place, and when ready to resume the journey, found that the young tutor had disappeared. They left a horse for him to follow, and when he rejoined them, he explained his delay by saying: "I met a poor old woman who talked so sweetly of Jesus Christ that I knew not how time passed." Mrs. Hill laughingly said: "Our tutor will be turning Methodist by and by." "Methodist?" said Fletcher. "What is that?" "O, the Methodists," she said, "are a people who do nothing but pray. They pray all day and all night." "Then," said Fletcher, "by the help of God, I will find them if they are above ground." He did so, and joined their society, although he was later ordained a clergyman in the Church of England.

When he had finished his work as tutor, Mr. Hill offered him the parish of Dunham, saying that the church was in a fine country, the duty light, and the income good. To his astonishment Fletcher replied: "O, Dunham will not suit me. There is too much money and too little work." Then his patron said: "What do you think of Madeley?" The church of Madeley was located among coal mines and iron works. It was notorious for the profanity of its population, and the salary was one-sixteenth that of Dunham. Fletcher said: "Madeley is the very place for me." And there he labored for twenty-five years of devoted service. His boyhood home was in a fine old mansion on the shores of Lake Leman, with the Swiss mountains towering around it. He was born of an ancient noble family. One day his wife found

a seal in his desk. She did not know that the quiet, unassuming country pastor was a descendant of the noble house of Savoy. When she asked: "Is this yours?" he said: "Yes, it is mine, but I have not used it for many years," and when asked why, replied: "Because it bears a coronet so nearly like that of your English dukes that it would lead to curious inquiries about my family, and to the conclusion that I valued such distinctions." Fletcher would rather be the slave of Christ than to enjoy any earthly honor or distinction.

It is such disciples that Christ seeks. With a few such heroic souls, He could change the world. May the cross not only comfort us, but may it capture us! "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." "Let us go into Judea again."

"Zion stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!"

Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love."

PSALM XCI.

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High,
shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress:
my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler,
and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his
wings shalt thou trust:

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor
for the arrow that flieh by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for
the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at
thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the re-
ward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge,
even the Most High, thy habitation;

10 There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague
come nigh thy dwelling.

11 For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep
thee in all thy ways.

12 They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash
thy foot against a stone.

13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young
lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

14 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I
deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known
my name.

15 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be
with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him.

16 With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my
salvation.

CHRIST'S RELATION TO THE UNIVERSE

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"Giving thanks unto the Father, . . . who hath trans-
lated us into the kingdom of His dear Son, in whom we have
redemption through His blood. . . . Who is the image of

the invisible God; . . . all things were created by Him; and He is before all things, and by Him all things consist." (Col. i. 12-17.)

This is the great Christian statement of Christ's relation to the universe; and it was written, not by St. John, the mystic, the contemplative; but by St. Paul, the practical worker, the far-seeing statesman, the man of affairs. This is the gospel—the Good News—which interprets the order of the world, satisfying human reason and ennobling human life.

For God—the fountain source and author of life—is not a diffused, characterless force, but free, personal, self-determining, self-revealing, and His utterance of Himself; His "utterance" and activity, is the Word, the Christ. Or, as St. John puts it, God in utterance is the Logos, the Word, the Christ; not another God, but the utterance of the one God, as my word is the utterance of my thought. All things were created by Christ, the Son; and He is before all things, and by Him all things consist. There is one Reason operating in and through the universe, and it is the thought of God uttering itself. There is one Force pulsing, throbbing through all, and it is the love of God. In mountains and forests and shining streams; in the blooming flowers and ripening corn and singing birds; in the movement and progress of human society and government; in the interests and organization of common life; in every stage of the evolution, through which the primeval chaos has grown and travailed through pain into order and beauty and law; everywhere and always there is the

Utterance, the Logos, the Word, the Christ of God, who is before all things and by whom all things consist.

"A fire-mist and a planet;
A crystal and a cell;
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And the caves where the cave men dwell;
Then the sense of law and beauty,
And the face lifted up from the clod;
Some call it evolution,
And others call it God.

The whole purpose of creation is that it may be the manifestation and fulfilment of the mind and purpose of God, a manifestation and fulfilment which is to be accomplished in God's way, by the means and through the stages which God sees fit to use.

And the ideal, the purpose of God for mankind, is clear before us in the character and personality of Jesus, the Incarnate Christ, whose life and words and deeds, imperfectly, perhaps inadequately, because of the limitations of those who tried to record them for us, but yet with sufficient definiteness and consistency to carry their own truth with them, are plain before us in the written gospels. Surely, as there presented to us, even to the most critical, He stands out in history as a unique personality, a matchless figure, an unexampled life, wholly and fearlessly conscious of His union with God; infallibly certain; supremely poised, prescient, prepared. "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." "I am the resurrection and the life; whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die."

Nay, more; He says, "I am the vine; ye are the

branches." And we know that if the branches share the life of the vine, the vine shares the life of the branches. Christ in us and we in Christ. And, thus fulfilling the plan of God for His world, He had to share our sorrows, as we were to share His joy; He had to be assailed by the power of our sin, tempted and hard pressed, as we were to become perfect in the power of His perfection. As a great modern teacher has said, "When I have discovered that by the very constitution of my nature I am to achieve perfection in the power of the life of another—who is yet not another, but the very ground of my own being—it ceases to be incredible to me that another—who is yet not another—should be the atonement for my sin, and that His relations to God should determine mine."

So, in that beautiful phrase of St. Paul's, you and I, my brethren, we, men and women, "We are God's workmanship—God's poems, created in Christ Jesus to good works," or, as Browning translates it:

"God is the Perfect Poet,
Who, in creation, acts out His own conceptions."

Is life worth living? Is the strain and struggle worth while? Is the toil and sacrifice; is the thought and effort; is this higher education and unwearied search for truth; is the whole experience—from infancy, childhood, to weak, infirm and lonely old age—the product of a mere dream, an illusion, a mockery, a jest of evil powers, which, Agnosticism declares, are making sport of our human love, our human aspiration, our human life? They tell us that death ends it all.

"Drink," says Omar Khayyam,

"Drink; for we know not whence we come nor why;
Drink; for we know not when we go, nor where."

Is that the whole of it? Is that the climax and culmination of the evolutionary process of which we hear so much from men who are filling our jails and penitentiaries with people who have been taught to trust in moral standards based upon expediency without the fear of God, and who are filling the cemeteries with the bodies of suicides that have accepted the dictum of some American writers and scientists who deny our personal immortality?

Surely we cannot help recognizing this attitude of mind which accepts the theory that the culmination of the age-long process of evolution is a grotesque and tragic anti-climax in which its highest result lives as a madman exalted and tortured at once by wild dreams, and then becomes extinct, destroyed, annihilated. Surely we *know* this to be an irrational egotism which has lost sight of the whole and drowned itself in the study of the parts. Yes, we recognize it is that spirit of anti-Christ which loveth and maketh a lie.

Life is justified; work is justified; education is justified; because we are God's workmanship, participating with God through the redemption wrought by Christ, in God's great plan for the spiritual and eternal manifestation of God's essential nature in and through His world. "Until we all come, in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto the perfect man; unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." For

"Man as yet is being made;
And ere the crowning age of ages
Shall not aeon after aeon pass
And touch him into shape?
All about him still the shadow;
Yet while races flower and fade,
Prophet eyes may catch a glory,
Ever gaining on the shade;
Till the peoples all are one,
And their voices blend in choric
Hallelujah to the Maker;
It is finished; man is made."

Thus, in a true sense, God's own nature is fulfilled "in the existence of the world, and, above all, in the spiritual nature and life and destiny of man."

Here, then, are some practical conclusions: God has revealed it to us, that His purpose for the world is an ethical purpose; to present every man perfect in Christ Jesus. In other words, the end and reason of the evolutionary process is towards the complete dominion of the spiritual, in and through man.

I know that some writers have been pleased to tell us, especially within the past year quite aggressively, that they do not believe that God ever revealed anything to any man; but they speak with shallow knowledge of the claims of Christianity.

It is not a question of God revealing Himself to man, but *through* man—and we hold that the perfect revelation—perfect so far as human nature can convey it—was given in Jesus the Christ; and the keynote of that revelation is that the end, which shall interpret the beginning, is the triumph, the reign, of the spiritual order.

That spiritual order begins here with man, and the revelation is that the basis of this new order—the root and fountain and source of it—is in a great act of

love, an act of sacrifice, the sacrifice of the only begotten Son of God; and that man, individually and collectively, redeemed, renewed, restored in Christ, shall, through sacrifice, realize and accomplish His kingdom—Love through Love's complete unselfishness winning Love's reward.

Of course this means discipline, restraint, obedience. It means the will surrendered, and so the will made free. It means the glad recognition of the responsibility and privilege of sharing, however imperfectly and unworthily, in the work of God; trying to live the life of God, and learning day by day more and more the joy and peace of the consciousness of God's approval.

Is life worth living? Yes, indeed; but only, as our text tells us—only as it justifies itself through the growing consciousness of the soul, that indeed we have been translated out of the power of darkness into the kingdom of His dear Son; only in so far as we may feel that we have a right to say that humbly but truly our work, our achievement, our culture, our progress, has made us more efficient for mutual service in the kingdom of God.

For the law of Christ is the law of service, and the spirit of Christ is the spirit of sacrifice; and no man can call himself a Christian who is not doing some service and making some sacrifice.

And the contrast between this ideal of life and the world's ideal is drawn more sharply today perhaps than ever before in history.

We are still invited to the service of a world, which is just big enough and kind enough and near enough to meet the desires of the natural man, to give him

recognition of his talents, reward for his activity, pleasure for his appetites, and complacent satisfaction with himself as he is. To those who have the force of will and the strength of mind and body this world gives its prizes with a free hand, and its God is not so big and mysterious as to puzzle the intellect with difficult questions; and its present success lulls the conscience to sleep over the possibilities of the future. To the men and women who are worshiping the God of this world philanthropic interests are the mere afterthought of later life, or the concessions to a custom which self-love finds gratifying and expedient. But against this, thank God, there is still the Christian conception of the world, which I have tried to describe to you this morning.

And in this Christian conception of the world it is not a little bounded sphere of interest and selfish opportunity, but part of a stupendous system, an immeasurable movement to which man is called and privileged by God to make his contribution—to learn more and more, through life's vicissitudes, how to correspond to the divine plan in which he and his life are personally included; in which purity of intention is worth more than comfort, and the peace of an enlightened conscience is more precious than success or empire.

On one side is the satisfaction of self-will, taking what can be had; winning what can be won; enjoying what can be enjoyed. And on the other side is the quickened sense of responsibility, the acceptance of duty, the blessedness that consecrates pain, the joy of fellowship with God, “the peace that passeth knowledge and the gift of the Morning Star.”

The apostle calls this change of hope and purpose "the translation from the power of darkness into the kingdom of His Son." The Church understands it to mean the realization of one's baptism and the acceptance of its responsibility. Certainly it is the consecration and ennobling of all the work of life. It raises a man to a new level and makes him the bearer, the medium, of a transforming, purifying, vivifying force. However humble he may be, although he may have no special intellectual gifts, and no keen critical insight, nor the capacity of great leadership and command, he may become a factor of real power in the movement of society and in the life of his country, because he is a man who has seen the Vision, who feels the Divine Presence, who is encouraged by a certain faith that looks through and beyond the present disappointment to the sureness, the inevitable-ness of the future triumph.

And who can doubt, who does doubt, that it is the men and women of this mould and fibre who, in the past, have made this country of ours a land good to live in, and upon whom our freedom and progress as a Nation must ever depend?

We have been often told, and rightly, that the problem of our time is a social problem; and here is its only adequate solution. There are two truths about human life which every reformer must take into account, if he expects to help the world.

First. Human life is Spiritual; it is a mystery; it grows out of roots that are beyond this world, beyond our ken; and therefore no gospel of mere physical comfort can permanently satisfy it. No improvement of environment can supply the hope, the in-

centive, which will induce men to strive, even through pain and sacrifice, for what is clean and wholesome and pure and just. All history bears witness to the truth that mere external or prudential morality, based on expediency, and not on the fear and love of God, is and has been a ghastly failure.

And, second, human life is social. It is the natural interrelation and interaction of human souls; and the social organism depends for its health upon the health of the individuals that compose it. And God is calling every man and woman to come out from "the power of darkness" into "the kingdom of His Son," in order that, by the strength of their own hold on righteousness, by the power of their own acceptance of God's great redemption into God's greater world, they may dispense the love and light of God to other men and women, and so make their contribution of faith and service to the kingdom that is to be.

"The whole creation," says St. Paul, "is waiting for the manifestation of the Sons of God," waiting, that is, for all the Sons of God, in all the world, to acknowledge, by word and deed, that they are the Sons of God. And, when all the Sons of God, everywhere, shall have claimed this birthright, then shall the kingdom come, and "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

RESURRECTION OF THE BODY

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"But some man will say, How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" (1 Cor. xv. 35.)

We can never be too grateful that the early disciples were prone to ask questions. We are glad that doubting Thomases proposed their objections; that sceptical Sadducees and quibbling Pharisees strove mightily to catch our Saviour and His apostles with their barbwire questions. Much of the most delightful and helpful parts of the New Testament is constituted of these sometimes sincere, often silly, and most often hooked, crafty queries.

It was our privilege to have a man in our theological class who could ask more variegated questions than any other man whom I have ever known. His talent in this direction fell nothing short of genius. And yet I was always glad when, as the Scotch say, he was "spiering" his rapid-fire interrogatives at dear old sainted Dr. Peck, for they drew the doctor out. They made the treasures to flow forth of the most wonderful spiritual storehouse of modern times. And so we came to look upon our little inquirer as an angel who periodically went down into the pool and troubled the waters for the refreshment of the balance of the class.

There was a man of this class in Corinth, and he asked what Paul declared to be a foolish question. "Thou fool," he called him. The answer to this fool is the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians.

Is there any chapter in all this book more tenderly associated with the most precious memories of your beloved dead? It is this chapter which gives the Easter hope its certainty and its surpassing glory, and is the oaken staff the Master places in the hands of Christian pilgrims as they totter down the home stretch through the valley of the shadow.

The question, you notice, is a double one: "How are the dead raised up?" "With what body do they come?" Foolish questions both, says Paul, because you ought to have known the answer. There ought to be no discussion and no doubt on the part of any Christian as to a matter so clear and so absolute.

Christ and His people are one; one in life, in death, in resurrection; one in everlasting destiny. Whatever happens to Christ of necessity happens to His people. He is the first fruits of them that sleep; the harvest follows the law of the first sheaf. If he who in all points was made like unto His people arose from the dead, so must His people rise from the dead. The same spirit which raised up Jesus from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies. Now, if He arose from the dead, how say some of you that there is no resurrection of the dead? and if the dead rise not, then is Christ not risen. Not only on general principles, but on first principles, therefore, you ought to have known this; it is the elementary fact of the faith.

But He regarded it as a foolish question again, and for the further reason and more especially because he saw a covert, subtle unbelief at the bottom of the question. It implies doubt in the questioner. Why, Paul, I do not see how the dead can rise, or even if they could I cannot see where they are to get a body from. Paul, I am a student of nature; I believe in reason, and reason teaches me the whole thing to be absurd—a hopeless dream. Why, Paul, I have stood by the dying, I have seen the faculties of men grow numb and slowly fade into silence and darkness. I have seen corruption seize upon the body and destroy every feature of the loved face and form, and I know this body turns into dust and ashes in the grave; and really, Paul, you are asking me to believe that which reason denies and the whole course of nature contradicts. I cannot believe that the dead will come back or imagine how the dissolved body is to be raised into its old semblance again, even if they could."

"Thou fool," says Paul, "I will show you on your own territory of vaunted reason, since you deny the word of God, that neither right reason nor natural law is opposed to the doctrine of the resurrection.

"Now, as to the first question, How are the dead raised up? Thou fool, how is it with a grain of wheat you sow? That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. My dear sir, had you studied nature to better purpose you had seen that death does not, and cannot destroy—it is merely antecedent to life and a process of life change. That is all."

Paul knew and uttered by inspiration the now universally recognized law of conservation of force.

It has taken science thousands of years to find out what Paul calmly asserts here to be the fact and the impregnable basis of his argument.

Nature, O Corinthian sceptic, knows nothing of annihilation. Whatever is, continues to be. It may be changed into other shapes, it may pass into other form or other force; but it is never and can never be wholly blotted out.

There is not one drop of water the less today, however splashed about 'twixt earth and sky; there is not one grain of sand the less today, blown about the earth however widely; not one drop of water the less, not one grain of sand the less than when this world celebrated its first birthday. Those great fir forests of ages antecedent to man, buried deep in the earth by awful volcanic disturbances, were they lost? They were turned into coal without the loss of an atom. But when that coal is burned, is not that the end? Not so; every particle of its constituent carbon and oxygen and nitrogen and hydrogen are volitized—set free in the air above us to enter other forms of life—to develop other trees and plant life. Today there stands an oak or Southern pine where ages ago stood a fir. It was sown a fir. After a sleep of geological ages, it was raised an oak; it was sown a fir on the slopes of the Alleghenies—it was raised a climbing rose in Columbia or a cape myrtle in Louisiana. Thou fool, nothing is lost. God made everything out of nothing, but He does not permit anything to go back to nothing, and He never will. Transformation is not annihilation. What, then, is death—the great transformer—the miracle worker, the divinely anointed omnipotent chemist? In its touch there

is a hint of Hermon's glory. It takes the grain of wheat and does two things with it. It dissolves the outer husk and wrapping and quickens a new life, and it dissolves the old in order to quicken the new. A new life in the vegetable world cannot come except through the disorganization, the breaking up of the old. It is therefore not only the antecedent of a new life; it is the necessary, inevitable antecedent of the new. Death is the prolific mother of the whole world; she gives birth to all living things. Paul gets his lesson from the Master: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it beareth much fruit."

Man is no exception to the law of the universe. The chemical constituency of every mortal body remains—every atom. There is always the principle of life in the dying seed, and there is always the seed of life in the dying believer; a principle of life which the cold hand of death cannot chill nor destroy. It can only set free—strike off the swaddling husk of the old estate.

Beyond the view of mortal, beyond the reach of science to analyze, or discover, or explain, is the seed of eternal life which the great Sower has implanted, and which only puts forth the first tender blade when the last look is taken and the last long drawn sigh is breathed. "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish."

As with the grain of wheat which you sow, so with the grain of immortal life which the Saviour sows. There is no more occasion for wonder in the one case than in the other; the outer wrapping of mortal life must be dissolved as the outer wrapping of

the grain of wheat. The one is as true as the other; the one is as incomprehensible as the other; the one is as absolutely certain as the other. Nature and reason (except when superficially interpreted) are always on the side of the gospel.

Ah, but you say: "In the case of the grain of wheat I can believe. I see the tender blade of the new life and the harvest. But, alas! the bodies of believers have been sown for thousands of years, and we still are sowing, thickly sowing, the forms of our loved ones in the world's sterile mould; but alas, a sad, wintry silence hangs about their tombs; there is no sign of coming life; the rather a more hopeless dustward progress." Yes, he replies: "Every man in his own order. The first fruits of them that are His at His coming."

The time of the harvest is not yet. We have only seen the first sheaf in the person of the risen Christ. We must wait His coming. When He cometh we shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye.

So much for the first question. Now for the second: You want to know with what body do they come? His reply shows that he intends to remove three objections in the questioner's mind.

(1) "I deny that the dead will ever have any bodies at all. It contravenes both reason and nature, that the dead will have or can have bodily form. Nature has forever unclothed the spirits of our dead." To this denial Paul makes the same reply that our Lord made to the Sadducees: "Ye know not the scriptures, neither the power of God." In a word, the whole doctrine of the resurrection rests upon the explicit and repeated promise of God and upon His

power to accomplish His promise. You mean, therefore, to deny the power of God, for that it is that lies at the bottom of all scepticism as to this glorious hope of the believer. God will give our dead a body as it pleaseth Him. He can prepare a body for the spirit a second time as easily as He did the first time. Surely all nature teaches this. It is the believer's advocate and seignior council in the case.

Look about you, if you please. He giveth to every seed his own body. In the vegetable world behold the infinite resources of the Almighty. Limitless in power, He was not forced to give every seed the same body. But every seed its own and a different body. O, the infinite variety of shrubs, and flowers, and trees, and vines, and mosses; no two species alike; no two leaves of the same plant alike; no two blades of grass alike. Surely all nature teaches the ability of Almighty God to give anything and everything a body as it pleaseth Him.

But come, O Corinthian doubter, go with me to the higher animal world. Have we not here the same infinite variety and diversity? All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, another of birds. God was not limited to one poor style—to one pattern—from the elephant to the anamalcula that exhausts a lifetime in the swim from shore to shore of its great Atlantic—a single drop of water. From the eagle to the butterfly, that weighs itself upon a leaf; from a leviathan of the deep to the tiniest germ life in the old homestead brook—a myriad—a countless variety of bodies and styles of bodies fill the

whole earth. No two species alike—no two of the same species alike—no two features of the same body alike. Do they not show resourcefulness of the Divine?

Art not satisfied yet? Look to the worlds above you. "There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial, but the glory of"—that is to say, the style of—"the celestial is one and the terrestrial is another. There is one style of the sun and another style of the moon, and another style of the stars, for one star differeth from another star in style." Above us exist the same infinite variety of bodily forms, different in size, in sphere and orbit.

So also is the resurrection of the dead. How can you deny the power of God to give them a body as it may please Him? How dare you say that nature and reason deny the possibility of the resurrection, when every living thing, and sun, and moon, and stars declare the power of God to provide bodies as it pleaseth Him? All nature riseth up and gives the life to him who doubts the power of God to clothe again the spirits of our dead as He wills.

But the second objection that Paul meets with his argument against the self-styled naturalist (the Paul-styled fool) is this: Granted the possibility of the resurrection, would such a body be adapted to the new conditions of the extra-earthly state?

Man has never seen any other kind of body than the poor diseased kind in which we now live and groan—a kind that is but poorly adapted to the wants and woes of this life and utterly inadequate for the larger, sweeter, fuller, different, hypothetic life of the kingdom of heaven. If true, it would seem absurd

and not even to be desired—a thing wholly incongruous. And so they stumbled at the doctrine of a literal resurrection. “Yea, Paul, if these poor frames of blood and bones and slow decay could arise from the dust of the earth, they would not suit us if they did.” Back to our grain of wheat, says the apostle. Death transforms as well as reforms. So that the body is sown in corruption, but is raised in incorruption—it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown in a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.

The logic of death transforms the body in a four-fold way: (1) Materially: it becomes incorruptible, impossible of decay or waste. (2) In appearance: raised in glory; all the wrinkles and scars and features that mar shall be smoothed out, and it shall be clothed in all the beauty and loveliness that an infinite God can bestow. (3) In the range of its possibilities and capacities: is raised in power; new capacities and functions will be given it. (4) It is changed in nature: it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body; all the gross appetites and mortal passions shall fall from it, and it will be prepared for its spiritual existence. As it was born into this world with functions adapted to present existence, so will it be born into the next with powers adjusted to its new conditions.

Death is not only the transforming chemist; it marks a stage in man's progress. It merely ends for the redeemed of God his first lesson. As we have borne the image of the earthly, so shall we also bear the image of the heavenly.

As I stood upon the highest peak in the Appalachian chain of mountains I saw an eagle flying before the face of a summer storm. In the shadow of the cloud it looked as dingy and as commonplace as any other bird of prey. But when it gained the sunlight of the upper world, and its golden beams smote full upon outstretched wings, it was a thing transformed and dazzling in its beauty and strength.

O, says Paul, when we have gained the fatherland, when we shall have left behind us all that makes life poor and wretched; when we shall be bathed in the eternal sunlight of the upper world, we, too, shall be clothed upon with new power and all excelling glory.

Third objection: "Then, Paul, the new body is not the old; in a word, will it be our body that shall rise or a new body?" Yes, it will be our body. It is sown; that which is sown is that which shall be raised. Yes, the same body, transfigured as on Hermon and fashioned like unto his glorious body. "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not appear what we shall be, but we know we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Substantially the same. Whether particle for particle or not, I know not, nor care. But it is the same body in all that makes for identity and personality. Gold in the mint is the same as the gold in the ore; the dross is gone in the furnace heat of change, but that is all; the gold is the same.

The body of earth is the body of the resurrection with the dross all gone and fitted for its new sphere and employ. To this all Scripture agrees. Our souls and our bodies are his; they have both been bought,

ransomed by the precious blood of Christ. Hear the Master Himself: "It is the will of my Father which sent me that of them which He has given me I shall lose nothing, but shall raise it up at the last day." Should lose nothing—no one and nothing of any one.

In a remarkable passage in the book of Jude we read that when the devil would have seized the body of Moses, Michael, the archangel, stood guard. He disputed the matter with him—held his golden shield over the precious dust of the hero. It is only a picture of what is going on always, everywhere. The Saviour's dead are all under guard, wherever be their last resting place. O, could we see as one day we shall, we should see the spear point and glittering shield of a celestial picket at every headstone and unmarked mound; they are being kept for the great day that is coming when, risen and changed in the twinkling of an eye, they shall greet their Lord in the air, and so shall they ever be with the Lord.

O, brethren, what is the length and the breadth and the depth and the height of the Easter hope? This is the jewel of the chapter. It glows with the great Easter fact. It paints a lovelier rainbow about the brow of our dying than ever spanned the heavens at set of sun. It tells us of a glory that excelleth awaiting every believer in Christ.

In the midst of the thick discouragements of our days it brings a hope that clears our heavens. To old age and tottering infirmity it brings a staff that cannot fail. It is rich with a promise of youth's renewal and immortal strength, for ye "shall mount upon the wings of eagles and run and not be weary."

It opens to all a wayside fountain for the thirst of life.

Have we not all of us felt many a time the bitterness and darkness of heart-breaking bereavement? This blessed hope whispers to us—O, so tenderly, lovingly—"sorrow ye not as others who have no hope." It is only a little while until the restitution of all things; until those who sleep in Jesus, God shall bring with him and we shall go forth into a new and abundant life, hand in hand with those who have "loved and lost a while."

O, unsaved friend, why do you not lay hold of this Christ of ours? Where shall the resurrection morning find you?

1 "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say:
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!
Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator, all his works adore!

2 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou, from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on:

3 Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show:
Come then, true and faithful, now fulfill thy word;
'Tis thine own third morning, rise, O buried Lord!

4 Loose the souls long-prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with thee!

SUNSET GLOW

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"When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather: for the sky is red." (Matt. xvi. 2.)

Sunset glow! It is evening. The sky is read. It is red with the glory of the setting sun. A brilliant sunset makes up for much of angry storm and lowering clouds and murky shadows during the day. Indeed the lingering remnants of storm clouds help to make the beauty and the glory of sunset.

Sunset is intermediate. It is the conclusion of today and the prophecy of tomorrow. It is evening. The day is waning. The sky is red. It will be fair weather tomorrow. Amidst the cares of the day men inquire of the morrow. What will it be? That day that has not dawned? That morrow whose light has not broken on us? What will it be? There is a prophet to whose message we do well to give an earnest heed: That sunset glow! What does it say? What tidings of the morrow does it bring?

It is the lesson of life's sunset we wish now to learn. There are three kinds of sunset in the great material world. There are three kinds in the greater world of human life. One is the resplendent, though silent, battle of storm and calm, of radiant light and tinted clouds, of shadow and sunshine. Another is where the clouds still float in a sea of golden light, a picture of beauty and peace. The other is a scene of complete repose. No cloud. Pure lambent light.

In full-orbed glory the king of day unobscured sinks
in solitude and silence behind the distant hills.

We find these three kinds of sunset in the close of
the careers of three illustrious men of sacred story.

I. PETER: THE SUNSET OF HIS LIFE DAY.

Peter is in Babylon, the great city of the East. His has been a checkered life. His day has been full of storms. There was in Peter that which created storms. There was in him that which invited the rude tempest, and which responded to the rough gale. Oft he had been tossed on the little Galilean sea in his small fishing boat, and had contended with the tempest, and had set his sails to make most of the wind, and had come safely to the shore. So on life's larger sea he had not lain quiet in a calm, nor drifted with a lazy breeze. He had met and weathered storms till it had come to pass he was never at his best in perfect calm.

Peter was ill at ease in a state of absolute repose. In a calm there was so little for his strong active spirit to accomplish or attempt. We know Peter well because we have seen him act. People of action are better known than people of quiet thought. Storms bring men out, and show what they really are. We have no fault to find with Peter in this regard.

Peter had been fighting bravely life's great battle many years. He had waged the Christian warfare probably more than thirty years. Since Christ died and left him many years have passed. The novelty of the Gospel has all worn off. Its hardships have come to be fully felt. Its promises have been put to

thorough test. Its grace has had a full opportunity to prove its worth. The Gospel vitality has had time enough to show its force. Here is a man who stood near to Christ; who knew Christ well; who walked with Christ; and now for years has walked without Him. We wish to know of Peter just what he thinks. We wish to hear him speak out of the depth of his personal experience.

We do not care much for the offhand opinions of men who are guessing at the truth. We do not care much for the speculative opinions of men who deal in theories, and build on conjectures. We do not care much for the opinions of men who play with truth, and who scarcely ever indulge in earnest thought. We care little for the conclusions of men who reason out doctrines and tell us what must or must not be. We attach very little importance to the positive announcements of those higher critics who may be traced by the mistakes which they have made and by the pits into which they have fallen.

But we do value, and highly value, the words of a plain, earnest, honest man. We value the words of a man who knows the gospel; who has lived the gospel; who has fought against the gospel, and then has fought with it, and then has fought for it; who has tried it in all kinds of weather; and now speaks his mind about it. We are glad to know what at the end he can truly say. Then his words are not theories about the truth, but are experiences of the truth.

Sunset is the time to talk about the day. Then we know what we are talking about. The day has made its record. In the sunset glow we read the record it has made.

It is evening with Peter. The sky is red. The morrow will be fair. At sunset glow what does he say? Listen!

"We have not followed cunningly devised fables." The gospel is no fable at all. The gospel is no cunning device of artful men to deceive and disappoint the unwary. The gospel I have lived is true, the witness says. O honest hours! O honest heart! O honest word for God! Put that up against anything an atheist, an infidel, an agnostic may say! Put it up against all arrogance and conceit of human reasoning. We have to go where Peter went. We wish the comfort which Peter felt. If the gospel did that for him, it will do as much for you and for me. Never mind the day clouds if we, too, may have the sunset glow.

But we wish to ask Peter why he is so sure. He gives three answers.

First: "We were eyewitnesses of His majesty." This was his vision in the mount. He has never forgotten that. No; he never will, never can forget it. Thirty years have passed, and have dimmed many a picture in Peter's life, but never have dimmed that. The vision still abides, and brightens Peter's life, and establishes his faith. If we, too, might have a vision, might we not also be assured? But Peter had more than a vision.

Second: "We heard the voice which came from heaven." What did the voice say? "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Peter saw and heard that in the mount which left no room for doubt. Perhaps we have all thought that if we could hear a heavenly voice, we should be lifted up above

all the low-lying mists of doubt that intercept our clear vision of eternal things. A vision and a voice, these seem enough to establish faith and to assure the heart of heavenly realities.

Is this all? No. There is one other thing that Peter says is better than a vision and better than a voice. What can it be?

Third: "We have also a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed." Here is something to which we may take heed. We may not have a vision, and we may not hear a voice. But we have what is better far than either, better far than both: a word of prophecy, a word of teaching, a word of instruction recorded for us.

Here is a man at life's closing hour. He has had every possible evidence of gospel realities. He has put these gospel evidences to every possible test. Visions are beautiful. Voices are comforting. The word is assuring. The word we all have. We all, therefore, have the best.

There are those who still say "a cunningly devised fable." Others there are who treat the gospel scarcely better. Some begin to tremble for the gospel, and say, Is it going? Like Peter, let us live the gospel truths. Build character of its strong doctrines. Adorn life by its charming graces. Then like Peter we shall find our evening unshadowed by gloomy clouds. The sky will be red, and the morrow will be fair. We, too, shall have the sunset glow.

II. PAUL: THE SUNSET OF HIS LIFE DAY.

Paul is in Rome, the greatest city of the world. It is the greatest city in historic interest, in military glory, in the fame of its distinguished men, in the

thrilling incidents and memorable scenes recorded in its annals. Great careers, great wealth, great power, great achievements render illustrious the City of the Seven Hills. It was never grander than when Paul said, "I must see Rome, also," and when, at a later day, as a prisoner, he entered the city gate by the famous Appian Way. It was the city of the world. But where is Paul? Not in Nero's golden palace. Not in any splendid mansion crowning one of the seven hills. Not in some lovely villa. Not on some great avenue where poet, orator, historian or military hero lived in the splendor of wealth or in the glory of influence and power.

Paul is in prison. He is under lock and key. He is fettered by a grievous and oppressive chain. It is his second imprisonment, more rigorous than the first. This time there is no hired house his own; no free access of friends; no preaching of the gospel now to all who might come to hear. Every man who now comes to see the prisoner in chains is marked. Detectives note and remember his face and name for future use. Paul is in a little room, but he is not crowded. "Only Luke is with me;" charming tribute to a faithful friend! Timothy, come and bring Mark with you. Demas has forsaken me, having loved this present world. Crescens has gone to Galatia. Titus has gone to Dalmatia. Tychicus is sent to Ephesus. Bring my cloak and the books, especially the parchments. At my trial no man stood with me. All men forsook me.

That is a sunset scene, when the day of a great career was drawing near its close. Where is its sunset glow? Stand on Palatine or on Capitoline, or

any other of these seven hills of earthly glory, at evening hour, and see! All the glories of Italian skies were as resplendent then as when Angelo or Raphael or Titian ever saw them. The gorgeous mingling of exquisite colors touch all nature into wondrous charms of light and shade and magic tint, and make inimitable pictures on the sky and on the land and on the sea. The most skilled artists have vied with each other in their endeavor to reproduce these wonders of nature. But all these wonders in nature and in art are surpassed by the sunset glow in yonder shadowed prison cell.

A man who had fought against Christ, then had surrendered to Christ, then had battled for Christ, is drawing near the verge of his great life day. The shadows of a prison are but the floating clouds that hover near to catch and reflect the splendor of the sun as it dips into yonder great unknown behind the western verge.

Hear what he says. There is no frown on his forehead. There is no pallor on his cheek. There is no tremor in his voice, no sadness on his face, no alarm on his countenance. There is no gloom in his prison cell. Those who boldly come to cheer him are cheered by him. Those who seek to bring into his life something of the light of the world without, receive from him, as they behold in him, a light exceeding all that which arrays the external world in beauty. Just as the sun goes down and marks the limit of his earthly day, see the sunset glow!

"I have fought the good fight." He says not victory, but the fight. That is what we are responsible for, the fight. He had not turned from the foe. He

had not run away in the day of battle. He had not retreated. He had not been diverted. He had not been called off. He had faced the foe, and fought the fight.

"I have finished my course." How beautiful the word! Have finished my course. The race was completely run. Some start and fall out by the way. Take the church roll and read it. Dead? Yes. Then mark them as gone. Moved away? Then let them be transferred. Here are names and names and names. What shall we do with them? Many modestly confessed Christ and grandly are serving Him. They are right up to the mark, and can be counted on for every good work. But here are other names. Where are they? They have disappeared. They have dropped out in the long service. There will be that somber shadow over their sunset scene. There are more beginners than there are finishers in every great enterprise. Paul was in at the finish.

"I have kept the faith." The faith is a trust. Paul kept the faith. How? He thought of it. He loved it. He lived it. He preached it. He wrote it. He made it a part of him. He preserved it, and could not be separated from it. So when he reached the end, it was there with him, as true, pure, fresh, entire as when he received it.

It is not surprising that religion is sometimes small. So little is made of it. It is put in the background. It is starved into weakness. It is ignored and neglected. The surprise is that it survives such treatment. Paul did not treat his religion thus. No high priest ever thought more of his breastplate with its twelve glowing jewels, nor more of the bells of gold

on the hem of his robe, nor more of the plate of gold on his miter than Paul thought of the faith committed to his trust. "I have kept the faith."

What does Paul's sunset glow promise? "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." Put that glowing confidence over against all that ever Celsus or Porphyry or Julian said or wrote or did, or any others who have endeavored to undermine and overthrow the Christian hope. We have to go where Paul went. We wish the confidence which Paul felt. We must attain it by the way in which Paul attained it. Paul says, "I am now ready." That explains it all. The voice hushes. The ministry is written up. The record closes. As the sun slips away behind the tinted clouds, and touches them with his glory, and disappears, so the heroic saint, brightening the group of which he is the center, beautifying life because he has lived, silently departs in the sunset glow.

III. JOHN: THE SUNSET OF HIS LIFE DAY.

John is in Ephesus, the splendid city of Asia Minor. In it was one of the seven wonders of the ancient world: the temple of Diana. Such was the beauty and splendor of this temple that at sunset it seemed to be aflame with the glory of the sky. But there was a more heavenly glory that shone around the aged John as ended his life's long day.

Christ had long since gone. Over the tragic event of Calvary and the brighter scene of Olivet about seventy-five years have passed. One by one all the

apostles have gone save John. He alone is left. His long life has reached over into another century, and has intruded upon a new world of men. He is the only one left who has seen the Christ and has accompanied with Him. To all others Jesus is now a tradition, a historic character. To John He is a cherished Lord, a personal, beloved Friend.

How has John's religion lasted? How has the gospel endured in the long, level, steady pull of a hundred years? Surely its weak places have been found. Surely its strength has suffered wear. Surely its defects cannot have concealed themselves so long. Surely its freshness has yielded to the touch of time. A long, still, thorough test is this of a hundred years.

Even John must close his day. His sun must set though the afternoon has been so long. Behold it. Not a cloud is left. The light is pure. The heavens are serene. The air is calm. All is quiet and still and bright. The sun in supreme majesty is just going down. Unflecked by even a little cloud, undimmed by aught that could intercept the glorious light, it disappears. Silently and calmly and grandly the day has closed.

How beautifully John's last epistle concludes its message! We know, and we know, and we know! There is no cloud there. There is no room for any doubt there. "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you. Hereby we know that we know Him. Hereby we know that we are in Him. We know we shall be like Him. We know that we have passed from death unto life. We know that we are of the truth. We know that we dwell in him and He in us. We have known the love that God hath to us.

We know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him. We know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding that we may know Him that is true. This is the true God and eternal life." This is not so much a confession of faith as a confession of knowledge. Faith seems transformed into knowledge by the pure glory of the sunset glow. In a calm sky and a quiet eve, and a serene peace, and a holy confidence the dimming light fades into night, the night into a fairer morrow bright with the dawn of an endless day.

He who had leaned his head on the Lord's bosom, and felt it to be no venture, and had found rest there, now in the majesty of a great calm, in the confidence of sweet repose, in the stillness and depth of unwavering love, once more leans on the Beloved and is gone.

We have seen the day close without a cloud. We have watched the declining sun slowly, surely, drawing near the horizon, then passing from sight behind the everlasting hills. We have gazed long on the sunset glow that changed from glory to glory with ever deepening shade till the fading day is lost in night. We have stood in the deepening shadow till hope has rekindled the light into the beauteous dawn of another day. It is evening. It will be fair weather when the morrow breaks. The sky is red. The sunset glow!

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar!"

"From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

Oh, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget Thy mercy seat."

PSALM XLVI.

1 God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea:

3 Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.

4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High.

5 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

6 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

7 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

8 Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder: he burneth the chariot in the fire.

10 Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

11 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

CHRISTIANIZING THE SOCIAL ORDER

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(Based on Rauschenbush's Book of that Title.)

My honored friend, the Dean of the department of the university under whose auspices we are met, told me that I might either discuss the book or the theme. I have elected to do the latter and leave the former to the institute.

Doubtless the industrial history of the world will justify us in believing that another change in the social order is imminent, and that that change will be for the better. We have already had two great industrial revolutions, involving in each case as vast changes as could be required now.

For many centuries the world's work was done by slave labor. Aristotle held slavery to be the equitable and necessary foundation of society, and justified it on the ground that some men were intended by nature to be subject to rule. The father of Demosthenes had fifty slaves in his workshop. Lysias and his brother had one hundred and twenty, while Nicias alone had a thousand at work in the silver mines. It is said that there were four hundred and sixty thousand slaves in Corinth at one time. The slave was the absolute property of his owner, to dispose of by gift, sale or testament, to employ as he chose—to kill, if he would. We have moved a long distance forward along social, industrial and political lines since that day.

The dispensation of slavery gave way to a dispensation of feudalism, and the slave became a serf. This was a distinct gain for the masses of mankind. The slave could be sold, torn from his family, from the place where he had always lived, from his habits, from his trade. He could see his life broken up and could die to his past completely, many times, before his actual death. The serf was attached to the land. If he could not quit it, neither could he be torn away from it. He had almost nothing in the way of profit for himself, but he had a country, a family,

and a place he could call home, and from which he could not be torn.

This gave way after many centuries to a dispensation of free labor; but this change, which promised so much to the masses, and which in fact marked their longest step forward, has been shorn of some of its power to help by the hard selfishness of our competitive industrial methods, and later by capitalism and the law of profit, which is the law of the tooth and nail.

But we have, in these two vast changes, historical proof that industrial revolutions are possible, and that they move in the right direction. A threat of change, therefore, is not doom, as some men fear, but dawn. "Out of the night the world rolls into the light. It is daybreak everywhere."

But another change is necessary before we will have adjusted to the will or word of the Son of Man, and before our social order will be Christian.

For example, we are far below his law of love in our system of land tenure. We have not even come up with the law of Moses as to that. Under the Mosaic law one generation could not deprive another of its right to the soil. The father could sell his own limited title to the land, but not his son's. Under that law the Jewish boy inherited from God a part of the national territory. By what right do we parcel out the earth's surface in one generation and determine its ownership in the next? Should not each generation in turn inherit from God the right to live on the earth and share in its blessings? By what ethical principle shall we be justified if we fix it so that the children of coming generations

shall find at birth everywhere the sign, "Keep off the grass," and so leave them no place for their feet? It is with men as with the demi-god in legend, they must get their feet on the ground if they are to have strength. Unless we want landlordism to do for us what it has done for Ireland, and in a less degree for all European nations, we must fix sharply the limits of the holdings of the individuals, else in a generation or two a few will own the land, and the rest will be tenants, and we will have gone back to one of the worst features of feudalism.

Again, before we have attained unto a Christian social order there must be a nearer approximation to justice in the distribution of the products of labor. With machinery that does the work of ten, twenty or even fifty men, it ought to be easy now to get the world's work done. But it is not. The problem of shelter and food and clothing is as difficult as ever—perhaps more difficult than ever. This is unreasonable and surely unnecessary, and can be accounted for only by the fact that in the distribution of the products of toil some are getting more than they need, thus making it more difficult for the rest to get enough. It is as if all these machines were one big machine, with spouts that carry the lion's share of the huge output to the coffers of the few. So that, in this age of machinery, when a man's efficiency has been multiplied many times, the work of the world is as difficult as ever, so far as the toiler is concerned, and he is more dependent, because he does not own the machinery with which he works, and so is less free. He labors and others have entered into his labor. I am not a Socialist. Party

Socialism, so far at least as its philosophic phases are concerned, is too much mixed up with atheism and free theories of the average relation to suit me. I would rather have our present industrial system, with its inequalities and its injustices, than to have no God and no home. I am not a Socialist, but I am a Christian, and I declare boldly that any industrial plan that increases the workman's efficiency, and does not decrease his task, or increase to any appreciable extent his income, and so denies him a share in the increased output of his toil, is wrong before God, and cannot be defended by any ethical principle known to the Christian, or even the pagan world. Surely these unequal ties and others like them must be leveled before our social order can with any show of warrant be called Christian.

But, in view of the fact that I am speaking for the most part to ministers of the gospel, perhaps there is a special reason why I should raise the question, "What is the Church's relation to our industrial problems and to the change in our economic system which seems to be imminent, and which we believe must be Christian, if it is to be beneficial and permanent?"

The Church is impelled, and I believe will be compelled, ultimately, by the great brotherly principles it is set to advocate, to be sympathetic with the multitude, for even yet they are like sheep having no shepherd. The Church may have departed some times from this attitude of sympathy, but that departure was treason against its Lord. It may have preached some other gospel than that of good will to men, but if so, that gospel was a lie. In every true church of Jesus Christ the rich and the poor sit down

together, and the interest of one is the interest of all. In every such church the strong are to bear the infirmities of the weak, and each is to carry the other's load, and so fulfill the law of Christ, which is the law of love. The church that has no interest in convict labor laws, that cares nothing about child labor, or sweatshops, that knows nothing of the long hours and inadequate wages and the strain of making both ends meet, that church wears His name in vain. and to wear it in vain is as blasphemous as to take it in vain. Is it possible for a church to be true to Jesus and not be interested in the multitudes who toil for their daily bread? He was a carpenter. He grew up in a carpenter's home. For long years He earned his bread in the sweat of his brow. He went back to heaven with the marks of toil, as well as the marks of nails, in his hands. And all these years He was poor, so poor that though the foxes had holes and the birds of the air had nests, He had not where to lay His head. So poor that He was born in a borrowed shelter and cradled in a borrowed manger. So poor that He had to borrow an ass's colt on which to ride into Jerusalem, and an upper room in which to eat His last supper with His friends, and His poor, bruised body had its three days' rest in a borrowed tomb. Is it possible for the church to be true to Him and not be interested in the multitude who toil for their daily bread? There is a compulsion here that is driving the church to a more and more open advocacy of mercy and good will.

I think it is easy to misunderstand the church's relation to industrial progress, and to underestimate its place in the working out of these problems. Per-

haps as an institution it has been conservative. Maybe that was best so. Maybe it has been the balance wheel, the safety valve, the ballast for the ship of state. If France could have had the restraining, steadyng influence of a true church in her revolution, it would doubtless have been better. But if, as an institution, the church has been conservative, it has given to the world men who were not. It has thrust men forward, even if it has hung back a little itself. Where did the world get its Washington Gladden, its Shailer Matthews, its Rauschenbush, its Jane Addams, its Gladstone, its Lloyd George? And who got the world ready to hear these men? If there is any doubt about this, let them try their messages in some pagan land, and they will be voices crying in the wilderness sure enough. The church thrust forth these leaders, and gives them a following. This is true at least of the following that they have among the classes that are not materially interested or personally benefited by their message.

The church has helped and is helping tremendously. Every time it spreads the Lord's table it preaches equality and fraternity. It is said that when the Duke of Wellington knelt once at the altar to take the emblems of our Lord's bruised body and shed blood, that a peasant knelt beside him. An officious official of the church came and touched the peasant on the shoulder and told him to move farther away, that he was too close to the Duke. The Duke of Wellington laid his hand tenderly on the peasant's arm and said to him, "Stay where you are. There are no dukes here." During all the years of my ministry I have preached a gospel of justice and

mercy and love, and thousands of other ministers have done the same thing. With a plaited lash of truth we have scourged those who devour widows' houses, and coin orphans' tears, and make merchandise of mercy. We have held the arrogant man up to the light, so that he could see himself as God sees him, and the proud and the supercilious and the tyrannical and the selfish and those who oppress the weak have heard the truth of God from our lips. We have warned men against making a "league with hell" and "a covenant with death" in order to carry out their selfish purposes. We have tried to put men on guard against the love of money, which is the root of evil. We have cried out to those who care more for gold than for God, who would dress righteousness up in a purple rag for a robe, and would mock it with a reed scepter; who would plait a crown of thorns for the brow of mercy, and crucify justice on a cross of gold. We have told them of the rich fool and of Dives, and have warned them on the authority of God's word that those who would get rich fall into divers temptations; and on tiptoe, and with tremendous eagerness, we have preached the gospel of justice, mercy and love. The church has helped, and there is not a patch of ground a mile square anywhere on God's earth where this gospel of justice and mercy and love has not been preached, where labor has any chance whatever to get justice or a square deal. Christianity, even institutionalized Christianity, is helping to bring in a new dispensation in the industrial world and to make that dispensation Christian.

I think there are many reasons to be hopeful about the future. There is an awakening of the social consciousness. We are coming to see that all men need each other, that we must work together, that no man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself; that selfishness is slow, but sure, suicide; that we are members one of another, and that we are our brother's keeper. That is a great thing to find out; not all have found it out yet. Some have their eyes holden by selfishness, and are belated, but all will find it out, and when this social consciousness has come to be universal it will work a vast change in the life of the world.

For example, under the spur of this consciousness, we have come to see that the battle with disease is a community battle. Time was when the blind were left to their own devices. Their pitiful perils made little or no appeal to a pitiless world. Now we are going back of their birth to help them. We are teaching their fathers that if they befoul their blood with sin and its accursed diseases, they may become the fathers of blind children, and we are teaching their mothers their part in keeping these windows of the soul clean, so that God's light can get through. We are building schools for them, and teaching them by raised letters, and in many other ways, so that they can, in a sense at least, be independent, and fill a useful place in the life of the world. This is a work that never could have been done by selfish separateness, but only by united effort. "We are members one of another," and the blind are now brought into this fraternal plural.

Time was when the lunatic was left to wander aimlessly and helplessly among the tombs, as if he were looking for a grave for himself in which he might have rest from mental torment. Poor wrecks of men, with the light of reason in partial or total eclipse, they were left to the pitiless ministry of the storm, and the bitter charity of the open field. Not so now. We have made shelters for them, and found nurses for them, and trained physicians to treat them. If, peradventure, they may be brought back from mental chaos to reason and orderly thinking again.

Time was when each man was left to fight cholera single-handed, at his own doorstep. That was a pretty one-sided battle with such a foe. Specially when it is remembered that his spectral enemy could hide in the next door neighbor's house, and slip in at the back door or through the window unawares. By this old plan the battle with yellow fever and typhoid fever and other plagues was an individual matter. Each father tried to fight the enemy from his own door, and often he was the first to fall. Now whole cities and states and nations combine to fight these allies of death, and we have almost gotten the victory over cholera and the yellow fever, and we will get the victory over tuberculosis by this same combined plan of attack and defense. Back of every clean alley and washed gutter and good sewer, back of all health boards and quarantine, and sanitary regulations, is this social consciousness, this belief that we are our brother's keeper. We are on the right road, as sure as God loves everybody. You can't fence off a square mile of the ocean for special favors. It is one ocean. Nor can you fence off a square mile of the city and

keep it clean, and leave the rest to dirt and disease and death. Germ-laden winds are no respector of persons, they care not one whit for our social barricades. While one undertaker is busy in the slums, another will be busy on the avenue. It is as necessary to have sewers for the blacks as for the whites. Germ-laden flies seem to be color blind so far as the race question is concerned, and they carry death from the children of the poor and distribute it among the children of the rich.

We are also coming to see that the battle with ignorance is a community battle. It used to be thought that it was nobody's business if a father wanted his children to grow up in ignorance. This has been the theory in Mexico and certain other backward countries, and the result is in evidence. We know now that we have the same right to insist that our neighbor shall care for the mental life of his children as we have to insist that he shall keep his premises clean, and for exactly the same reason—just because no man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself. His open cesspool is dangerous to me. So are his ignorant offspring. We are coming to see that this question of illiteracy is a social question, a civic, economic question; that it has to do with the life of the city and the state, and with taxes and law courts, and penal institutions. We know now that ignorance is dangerous, because it is often irrational and inflammable, passionate and impulsive, and sometimes irresponsible and anarchistic. So, under the spur of this awakened social consciousness, we are combining to drive it out of our borders. We have long had our public schools, so that the

children of the poor might have the same chance as the children of the well-to-do. Now in many states we have free text-books and free medical attention, and we are passing compulsory school laws, and we are saying to the shiftless and the ne'er-do-well that whether they will or no, society will protect itself by community action against ignorance, which otherwise would fill the jails and penitentiaries and asylums, and increase the burden of taxation. This again is a task that never could be accomplished by narrow individualism or a selfish separateness.

So under this same spur that comes with the consciousness of community interests, we are combining to fight poverty. This battle is no longer to be left to widows and orphans and the physically and mentally incapable, and other *Les Miserables* who have been wounded and left half dead. Society as a whole is taking up the battle for them, and the best minds in the world are planning the campaign. Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer in England, has pledged his great gifts of mind and heart to this cause. There is a crusade for you—a crusade that is worth while, not to capture an empty grave, as in the old days, but to keep a multitude of graves empty that would be too early filled by the pinch and grind and pain and peril of poverty. There is a sure-enough Knight Templar, plumed and helmeted and gone forth to battle in behalf of all the poor. In our own country great leaders are pledged to this cause, and great political parties emblazon it on their banners and make it an issue. We are coming to see that this question of poverty is not exclusively a question for the poor, but that it is a question

for everybody. We are coming to see that this problem of poverty may have other factors in it besides the factor of individual delinquency; that our industrial system, with its conscienceless grinding competition, may be a factor in it; that unjust and unequal laws may be a factor in it; that our tariffs and our taxes may have something to do with it, and so we are coming to think that perhaps somebody else is to blame besides the individual who suffers; that maybe society as a whole is to blame. We are thinking that there may be some way by which it can be made easier for all who toil and try, to have enough. If you ask me how this is to be done, I may answer you that I am not sure that I know, but we have solved other difficult problems, and we are now at least trying to solve this one, and I believe in my soul we can solve it. As sure as God lives and loves and leads, we will find some way to quarantine against involuntary poverty.

We are surely on the right road, and are making some progress, though for one I am far from being satisfied with the pace. I know that much remains to be done. I am thinking of the heat and the hate of the sweatshop, of the strain of conflicting forces, of the tendency on both extremes to have a solution of the problem that leaves God out of it. But I do believe that we are coming into a new and better day, and that we are coming to a truer interpretation of the will and words of the Son of Man, and that He leads the way. Back of every quarantine, back of every public school, back of every industrial reform, is the social consciousness, the Christian consciousness of solidarity and brotherhood, and back of this

social consciousness stands Jesus, the elder brother, who, though he was the Son of God, became the Son of Man, that all the sons of men might become sons of God.

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SERMON

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"Prepare to meet thy God." (Amos iv. 12.)

Man is not qualified by nature to meet any great emergency. To be a companion with the great and good requires the development of the qualities that make one great and good. It is peculiarly strange that one needs to be urged to make preparation for great emergencies. It seems that it ought to be the dominant desire of every man to find the greatest thing in human experience, or within human possibility, but such is not the case. The best is not acquired, or even sought, without much urging and entreaty on the part of those who have either failed to find the best and do not wish others to reap the same fate, or by those who have found the greatest good and unselfishly desire others to do so. The first impulse for humanity is to dodge great issues. We are great shirkers. The great majority of men believe in the imminence of God, but only a few practice it. If men would live up to the idea that God is everywhere it would make a different world, but the greatest weapon in the hands of evil is to believe that evil can be done and kept a secret. "Be sure your sins will find you out" ceases to live forever with them and they go on in the belief that they will not be caught. We hide things even from men. We do not attempt to hide them from beasts, but we

dodge men. Why is this? It is because there is something divine in man. There is a God image in man. If you remove the divine image from him I think we will not fear him. It is God then of whom we stand in awe. Can we get away from God? Gladly would we hide from Him with our sins if we could, but that we cannot is shown by the Psalmist who tried to the utmost of his ability and his final conclusion was that "If I make my bed in hell Thou art there." It seems to me that the hardest part of hell would be that God is there and that what I might have been would gnaw my conscience forever. If I am to meet God the question of when and where is of supreme importance. Most men think of meeting him at death. I think it is the creative purpose of God to reveal Himself to men here. In creation I think God recognized the fact that men are more than animals; that while they are of the dust, that they are of God. It seems to me that in creation the beautiful comes before the useful. I do not contend that this necessarily proves anything, but it is suggestive. Days before there is an ear on the stalk we find the graceful blade, the rich silk and the beautiful tassel. God could have grown the ear on a thing as ugly as a locust post, but he did not. He might have left off the beauty of the clover field and apple orchard. He might have made the world with no oceans or mountains, but he did not. He lifts the mountains heaven high that the soul of man occasionally may leave the dull, dead level of the practical. God spreads an ocean out before us whose waves lash themselves with foam and fury that the soul of man may see again the sublime things and

may rejoice at sight of a thing because it is great and not because it is worth so much per yard or pound. There is no practical necessity in the glory of the sunrise, or the sunset sky, but long before the sun is seen above the eastern hills we can see streaks of glory that appeal to the soul of man and paint for him pictures of immortal beauty that can neither be bought nor sold. But some may say that all this means nothing. They look upon the greatest glories of earth and sky and can see no God in them. It would be humiliating in the extreme to stand in the presence of God and admit to Him that we had beheld the glory of the morning and the paintings of the evening, but had seen no God in it all; that mountain and ocean had had no voice for us and that landscape and woodland had had no music for our souls. While I think God wants to meet us in all these material things, while I believe He wants to meet us in all the animate and inanimate objects of His creation, I believe His greatest desire is for us to meet Him in man, the crowning work of His creation. It seems to me that God has so identified Himself with men that He makes all their interests His interests. A picture is given us in the book where division of the race is made. The sheep are put on one side and the goats upon the other. The reasons for this divide were that hungry men had not been fed, and naked men had not been clothed, and the sick had not been visited. God makes it necessary that when we fail to meet the needs of men we lose our great opportunity to meet Him. Every cry of sin and suffering is the outcry of God for recognition. It may be easy to recognize God in great

men, and God is with them, but it is His purpose for us to meet Him in the poor and unfortunate as well. We may ask when we saw God hungry and naked and poor. His answer will ever be that we had our chance when we heard the cry of hungry children and suffering women and heeded it not. A man would meet no God and would have but little need of Him if he were in a world that was not sick and suffering. He is the Great Physician, because the physician is what we need. He is the Great Comforter, because the world is in distress.

What is the preparation? First, it is intellectual. The poor, ignorant negro in his cabin of poverty and dirt may say, "Our Father." No higher or holier language could be uttered. If this is true what need can there be for intellectual preparation to meet God? Where is the need? The child may run to the gate to meet his father when he returns in the evening, but all he knows is an apple or a stick of candy, but the mature man can say, "Father," and may know what his father is; that he is his model, his companion. He knows his resources, his struggles, his trials and his difficulties. So it is with God. The negro in the cabin may say, "Our Father," and when he does it sincerely his old cabin becomes a palace and temple. But when the man with great mind and equal devotion says "Our Father," his mind and soul know the meaning of sin and what it costs to deliver him from its bondage. He sees Sinai and Calvary. Good becomes to him a something of supreme importance, a mighty victory. Evil is to him an awful thing. Evil in spite of love that shed His blood.

The really unanswerable argument for intellectual advancement is that it may give one a larger vision of God. To the devout man God becomes greater as his mind expands. To read God's thoughts after Him in the earth, in the air, in electricity, in steam, in the hidden ore and the necessary coal, to hear His voice in wireless telegraphy and to see Him in the flying machine is the ever-expanding vision and the ever-enlarging of the meaning of the words, "Our Father."

But when I think of preparing to meet God my mind very easily and very naturally turns to the Ten Commandments. If I have kept the law somehow I feel that I am ready to meet God. Let us place ourselves beside the law as Moses gave it and see how we look. Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not steal, etc. I think I am talking to men who may have kept the letter of this law. I may have done it myself. But how have they kept it, and how have I? We may keep the letter of the law perfectly and our reason for keeping it may be that we are afraid to violate it. Afraid of a jail, afraid of a rope, afraid of a penitentiary sentence. But before we think too highly of our righteousness we must go to the Christ and get His interpretation of the law. Every courageous man says Christ's interpretation is correct. We may never reach the standard, but we do not want to lower it. Thou shalt not steal. Have you stolen? No, I have never taken anything. Are you covetous? Sometimes guilty. Thou shalt not kill. Have you committed murder? No. Have you been angry without a cause? Sometimes guilty. Thou shalt not bear false witness. Have you lied?

No. Have you practiced any deception anywhere along your life? Guilty again. Remember the Sabbath day. Have you plowed or performed the ordinary work of your lives on that day? No. But do you observe it in strict accordance with the law? Guilty again. There can be no doubt about the guilt of the human race. We are sinners. How can we meet God as sinners? The thunder on Sinai's height reveals to us that a law has been broken and no wonder we tremble. Not one man only has said, "God have mercy upon me a sinner." It is the universal cry of the human conscience. But how can we as such sinners meet God? The best help toward meeting Him is to know Him. It does not help me to know that He is powerful. I am glad that He is, and I am sure He is.

Some of His works as displayed in human beings indicate weakness. Omnipotence and omniscience are words suited to His character. But I am afraid of power unless I know that it is under control and unless I know that it cares for me. I would rather worship a weak God who cared for me than a powerful one who did not care for me. When God wanted to tell us who He was He did not tell us that He made worlds and flung them from His fingers like sparks from an anvil, but He did say a father had two sons and the younger of them asked for his portion of the goods and took his journey into a far country and there spent his substance in riotous living. He had broken the law. He was guilty. And when he came to himself he decided to go home and claim a servant's place, justly feeling that he was entitled to no other, but he forgot the meaning of Fatherhood.

He did not know the paternal heart. He did not know that the calf was fat. That a ring would be brought and shoes be put on his feet. His father met him and fell on his neck and kissed him and there was joy in the old home, for the dead son had come to life, the lost one had been found. This is God. Sin or no sin He is looking for us. It did not cost Him much to die for us. It would have been impossible for Him not to shed His blood if we needed it. I am not making an apology for sin. We are too great sinners, but I am claiming that we have an abundant entrance into His holy presence. I can meet Him for He loves me. I am glad that He is omnipotent, but I am gladder still that His mighty power does not let a sparrow fall to the ground without His knowledge, and that the very hairs of my head are numbered. I said it did not cost Him much to show us that He loved us. It cost Him His life. It cost Him His greatest gift, but it would have cost Him infinitely more not to have given Himself for His sick and lost children. It is well for us sometime to read the law of Sinai, but it is better still to hear the voice from Calvary when it says, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

THE PRESENCE OF GOD WITH HIS PEOPLE

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"Fear not; for I am with thee." (Isa. xlvi. 5.)

The people of Israel were in trouble. Great had been their transgressions, and bitter the penalty they had paid. Many and sore had been their afflictions, nor were they yet free of them. At such a time God sends them this gracious message. It was indeed timely. It is God's own reassurance, spoken through the prophet, to his people. The Lord declares his love for them, his peculiar interest in them. He had done great things for them in the past; he promises to do even greater things for them in the future. He will gather them from whence they had been scattered, north and south, east and west.

If God so encouraged his ancient people, is it not reasonable to expect that he will do as much for his people now? Are they who have been redeemed by the blood of his Son less precious to him than were the children of Abraham? Surely not. We find in the New Testament abundant repetitions of this promise. We are fully authorized to accept this assurance given to the ancient people of God as our own, and to encourage ourselves thereby. And this applies to us both as individuals and as the church.

I. GOD'S PRESENCE WITH HIS PEOPLE IS DISTINCTLY
ASSERTED.

We consider first of all the great and blessed fact that he is thus present. It carries of course more than the mere general truth of the divine omnipresence, which is one of the great attributes of God. This is a special, self-manifesting presence, and is a gracious act of God. This presence may be denied by some. The unbeliever may utter the bitter taunt, "Where is thy God?" The general multitude may pass it by as something incomprehensible. The doubting Christian feels lonely at times and is prone to say, "Verily, thou art a God that hidest thyself!" The grief-stricken Christian in the depth of terrible sorrow may say, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" The back-sliding Christian under the frown of his heavenly Father may feel that God is far away from him. The whole church during long seasons of spiritual declension may well feel that God's full presence is lacking.

But over against all this is God's simple, direct assertion, "I am with thee." Let us notice that this presence of God does not depend upon our moods. And it is indeed well for us that it does not. Nor is it to be argued away by any human logic. Alas! we may be argued out of belief in it, but the glorious fact itself cannot be argued away. It is God's own positive declaration; he does not condescend to argue the case. Nor is it made to cease by our coldness. This is most gracious of all. We may put up screens and exclude the sun's light, but our screens cannot keep the sun from shining; we only shut ourselves

out of its light and warmth. So our spiritual declension and coldness may hinder our joy in God, but they do not (blessed be his name!) keep him away from us. So against all inferences to the contrary, we have God's definite assertion of his presence with his people. The more fully we accept and believe his gracious word the better will it be for us in all respects.

Let us carefully notice the method by which God makes known his presence with his people. If we believe God's promise that he is with his people we may still ask, how does that presence show itself? How does it become apparent to our observations? How do we become conscious of it in our own experience? And such questions we may ask, not as captiously demanding proof of what God so firmly declares; but that we may rejoice to see his promise fulfilled.

There are external tokens of God's presence with us. These are not the reality itself, but they are the forms in which that presence is made known. Let us beware of mistaking the token for the fact. But on the other hand, let us also beware of thinking the token to be an empty and meaningless thing. God's presence with us is betokened by the Bible. We have God's word here translated and printed for us. It is not God, but God is in it. When devoutly studied in private and faithfully taught or preached in public it is one of the manifestations of God among us.

Again God's presence is manifested in his church. The union of God's children, his co-workers, into organizations; the grand gathering of all who believe in him into one great whole; the fixing of these into

permanent bodies for the preservation of the truth—this is Christ's Body. And this organic or collective aggregate of Christ's own people is on his part a "real presence," in a good and true sense of the phrase. For though the Head is out of sight, the living, throbbing Body is here; and we are a part of it. Now especially God's presence is set forth in the ordinances of the church. Its mere existence is a declaration of his presence, but its exercises of worship and commemoration are a nearer manifestation of God's actual contact with his people. Worship, preaching, baptism, the Lord's Supper—all these are the tokens of God's presence among us. Oh! that our minds were enlightened to see him in them all; that they may not be to us mere empty forms, but forms full of God!

But let us clearly see that with us God's presence is not confined to these outward tokens. There is a secret and mysterious method of his presence that does not express itself in external forms, however suggestive, but is felt in the inner chambers of the being. It is the witness of the Spirit. It is the contact of the divine with the human consciousness. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit." It is here that God touches the individual. It is here that the sweet promise of our text is directly fulfilled. Such a presence cannot be seen, but it can be felt. When so realized it is not to be boastfully claimed, but we try to make it appear as a virtue of our own, and that would be blasphemy; but it is to be humbly received and enjoyed in the secret place of the soul as the most precious and blessed of all earthly experi-

ences. This is the personal view of the great subject of God's presence with his people.

Is there anything for us to do in order to make the presence of God a distinct and abiding reality in our own hearts and lives? Yes; there is a well-known phrase about "practising the presence of God," which indicates both the duty and the method of the Christian's course in this great matter. It is easy to see that the use, constant and habitual, of what are called "the means of grace" is the answer to our question. We must read and study the Word of God, attend and employ the exercises of public worship and fellowship with each other, and above all pray and meditate much in private. These things will bring to us, as many of us well know, and as the testimony of thousands emphasizes for us, the consciousness of that divine and gracious presence which God has here and in many other places promised to his people. The special blessing of that presence given in our text is now to be noted.

II. GOD'S PRESENCE WITH HIS PEOPLE IS THE ANTI-DOTE TO FEAR.

This is the main purpose of the promise—to overcome fear; and this is true chiefly because God's presence is that of power combined with love. It is the presence of power. Weakness fears; but weakness upheld by power need not fear. Humanity is weak, and God's people are only human, and so are often fearful. But they should not fear, because infinite power is on their side. This power exhibits itself where it is most needed, for it is the power over all powers. This is its guarantee for our help,

and greatly is its exercise on our behalf needed. Let us notice some of the ways it works.

It is a power over those forces that would work our personal ruin. The perils that threaten the physical man need cause him no anxious fear since God is on his side. What if pain, and sickness, and death itself, threaten him? He need not fear the utmost they can do, for all these things may be made, and for God's children will be made to "work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

The sterner perils that threaten man in his moral nature are also under God's control, and his children should not fear even these. That awful spiritual ruin, of which decay and death are but faint symbols, can be averted by God. For he is not only Ruler, but Redeemer. He can save from hell as well as from death; from temptation as well as from sickness. He said to Paul, "My grace is sufficient for thee. My strength is made perfect in weakness."

Again, God's presence in his strength is a power over these forces as they oppose themselves to united effort on the part of God's people. This prophetic promise of the divine presence was given not so much to cheer the individual in his personal struggles as to help the people of God in their collective life and their larger work. God's power is over all that would threaten the existence or the activity of his church. The hostile forces that threaten the ultimate triumph of the Kingdom of God are under the control of infinite power. Though in his inscrutable wisdom God may seem sometimes to let these fears have full play, they are never beyond his control. In reassuring Israel through the prophet God refers to the great

displays of his power on behalf of his people in the past. He declares he has it in mind to do still greater things for them in the future. Whether by miraculous displays of a Creator's might; or by the providential dealings of the Sovereign of all things, he will surely lead his people on to victory at last. It may, and often does, seem quite otherwise. But let us not look to the seeming only but to the real. Why should we fear? The power of the infinite and the unwearied God is for us. We can form no true and just conception of that power; and for that very reason we should not fear, since it is on our side. "In the Lord put I my trust; I will not fear what man can do unto me."

Let us also thankfully remember that God's presence with his people is the presence of love. The presence of power is often awful. And if we feel it to be against us, it is terrible. That God should be with us would rather increase our fears if his presence were that of power alone. But the "height of this great argument" is reached when we are assured that in God's relation to his own the tenderest love is joined to infinite power. "Thou wast precious in my sight. . . . And I have loved thee," is the prophet's language.

Let us observe that God's present love for his people is a love of ownership. God's relation to his people is one in which his personal honor is concerned. His people are his own peculiar possession. They also represent him in the world. They are his witnesses among men. He has chosen them to show

forth his glory in the earth. He is therefore for his own sake deeply interested in their welfare.

But this love is also a love of redemption. "I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name." This meant much for God's ancient people. It meant the various interpositions of his power on their behalf. It meant that he had "given men for them, and people for their life." But to God's church it means far more. It is a love that caused him to give his only begotten Son. He has redeemed us and made us his own by the sacrifice of his own Son. "Shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

So with the divinely asserted presence of divine love and divine power in our midst, why should we fear? We have no need to do so when we trust to that power, and when that love is shed abroad in our hearts.

In the familiar words of the apostolic benediction (II. Cor. 13:14) Paul invokes the blessing of God's presence upon his Christian readers, and it is the presence of God in his three-fold being as revealed in the New Covenant. "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ" is invoked, that grace which redeems and sanctifies sinful men. "The love of God" is invoked, that love of the Father which gave his Son to die that he might be the first born among many brethren who should become sons through him. "And the communion of the Holy Spirit is invoked," that divine fellowship which witnesses with our spirits that we are children of God and interprets our unutterable groanings at the throne of grace. Look up, O timid, trusting soul! God in his infinite power and his ex-

haustless love—God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Spirit—is with thee. Whatever the peril that threatens, look hopefully to him and hear the gracious reassuring voice that speaks: “Fear not; for I am with thee.”

THE POWER OF GOD

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SCRIPTURE READING—I Cor. i.

TEXT—"Christ, the power of God." (I Cor. i. 24.)

Two great facts stand out in our text: First, the fact of Jesus Christ, who is the world's redeemer; second, Jesus Christ is the Power of God unto salvation.

Accepting the first proposition here as being well-established, let us proceed to the consideration of the second proposition.

Jesus Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. In the believer's redemption we see a wonderful manifestation of power. It is no small thing to redeem a human soul from the consequence of sin both in this life and in the other life. It requires power more than human or natural, for both these have been tested and have failed. The shackles of sin forged by satan must be broken, and experience teaches us that only the might of God can do this. The disposition and heart of the individual must be wrought anew in the birth that is of the Spirit; and none can deny that this must be of God.

In proof of these premises let us note the nature and extent of the salvation effected by Christ.

The nature and extent of the salvation effected by Christ constitute an indisputable evidence of his power to save. Christ hath redeemed us from the

curse of the law. Infinite power was embodied in God's curse. It was sufficiently mighty to hurl legions of angels from the heights of celestial happiness, and plunge them into the depths of hellish misery. It was powerful enough to open the windows of Heaven with one hand, so to speak, and with the other to burst asunder the fountains of the great deep in order to drown a world of rebellious men with an overflowing deluge. It is so mighty as to be capable of inflicting irreparable destruction in the twinkling of the eye upon all the hosts of obstinate rebels throughout the vast dominions of God. However, when its fiery cloud burst upon the head of the Saviour it came in contact with its superior, inasmuch as its devouring flames were extinguished with his blood. Christ's power to save therefore becomes greater than the power of God's wrath, and by this power Jesus saves sinners as brands plucked from the burning. Jesus is not only able to save sinners from the guilt of sin involved in the curse of the law, but also from the reigning power and contaminating influence of sin. The strength of man's corruption is terrific; hence it is called the law of sin and death. Its power is utterly invincible to human effort and skill. Sin is stronger than the energetic and persuasive powers of reason; stronger than the agonizing pains of a guilty conscience; stronger than the potent ties of the most endeared friendship; stronger than the forcible restraints of scientific knowledge; stronger than the prevailing edicts of earthly potentates; nay, it has survived the most horrible and desolating judgments of Jehovah himself. It enfetters men in its iron chains in spite of the light of reason, in spite

of all the accusations of conscience, in spite of the bitter tears of dearest friends and relatives, in spite of respectability and renown, in spite of the ameliorating efforts of philosophers and the rapid advancement of science, in spite of the resolute enactments of human governments—yea, in spite of the frowns and inflictions of the divine government. My fellow-sinner, beware of the delusive and destructive power of sin, or it will drag you to the bottomless pit from the midst of all your earthly comforts. But who is this that cometh from Edom? His name is Jesus, and he is mightier than sin, for he saves his people from their sins. “Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good-will toward men.” Our redeemer is strong; the Lord of Hosts is his name. Oh, my sinner friend, is he your redeemer? What a terrible thing is sin. It is worse than the devil himself. Sin made a demon of one of the brightest angels that stood before the throne; sin made innocent man an enemy in his heart and a vassal in his life against God; sin brought all the error and idolatry, and superstitions, and abominations that are on the earth; sin brought death into the world and all our woe. When the gospel shall be universally preached, when the gospel shall exert its saving influence on the children of men, then the practices of sin shall come to an end; and when all the people of God shall be brought safe to their Father’s house sin shall be annihilated. And for this purpose the Son of God was manifested; for this purpose He offered Himself a sacrifice for sin; for this purpose He has commanded His gospel to be preached to every creature; for this purpose He is at this moment seated at the right hand of God, invested

with all power, with all energy to employ whatever instrument or agent He thinks proper to give a blessing to those means that they may be effectual. And when death shall be done away, and when sin shall be annihilated, He will rise up from His seat, and not till then, and deliver up the kingdom into the hands of His Father; and God shall be all in all.

CHEIST IS THE POWER TO PUT ALL ENEMIES UNDER HIS FEET.

Moreover, Christ shall put all His enemies under His feet. It is a most fearful fact that sinners are enemies to Christ. Enemies to Christ? Can it be possible that a sinner just indifferent and unconcerned is an enemy of Christ? Is it not a libel on human nature that deserves to be prosecuted and punished by judges? An enemy to goodness? An enemy to benevolence? An enemy to Him that hath loved us and given Himself for us? An enemy to Him in whom met and combined whatsoever things are true, and lovely, and of good report? One would scarcely think there was sufficient iniquity in human nature to be an enemy to Christ; but it is even so. Experience and practice show us that we will not that grace shall reign in us and rule over us. So long as we refuse to count all things as loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ, so long we are found in a state of enmity against Christ. Another awful fact is that the enemies of Christ shall be His footstool. Are any of you unconverted? Are any of you in a state of hostility of mind toward the blessed Jesus? Remember, you must come down. Will you be subdued by justice or mercy? Will you

be conquered by the scepter of His grace, or will you be broken in pieces by the iron rod of His wrath? Will you be subdued by the Lamb of God, or will you be torn in pieces by the Lion of the tribe of Judah? Must Jesus conquer by the sword of His Spirit, and by the power of His blood, or must you be brought to submission by the flames of hell? Oh, kiss the Son lest He be angry, and ye perish in the way! He has offered a sacrifice for you and the world; He has sat down at the right hand of God His Father, and He will never rise from that seat until the world is saved or lost—till thou art converted or cast into outer darkness.

THIS POWER OF PERSONAL APPLICATION.

But Jesus wants to save you. If you doubt His ability to save, look about you at the great number of people whose lives are redeemed. Look at your old mother and father whose white hairs bespeak them near to eternity's blessed shores. What of their hope in Christ? Again, note who have been saved as recorded in the Book of books. Christ saved a king, David, the king of Israel. He saved a prince, Abijah, the son of Jeroboam. He saved a prime minister, Daniel, in the Chaldean court. He saved a lord-lieutenant, Joseph, in Egypt. He saved a chancellor of the exchequer, the mighty Eunuch under Candace, queen of Ethiopia. He saved a member of Congress, or the Sanhedrin, Nicodemus. He saved a chamberlain of a royal city, Aratus. He saved a counsellor, Joseph of Arimathea. He saved a physician, Luke. He saved a collegian, Saul of Tarsus. He saved a collector of taxes, Zacchaeus, the chief of them. He

saved a toll-collector, Matthew. He saved a mechanic, Aquila. He saved a jailer, the one in Phillipi. He saved an unfaithful servant, Onesimus. He saved a beggar, Lazarus. He has saved sinners of every character and under all circumstances and in every sort of emergency. He saved an idolater, Manasseh. He saved a voluptuary, Solomon. He saved a harlot, the woman of Samaria. He saved a thief, the one on the cross. He saved murderers, even his own murderers. His blood was sufficiently efficacious to wash away the stains of guilt stamped on their conscience by the shedding of his own innocent blood. It is more than probable that many of his executioners were numbered among the three thousand souls saved on the day of pentecost. Observe the description given of the atrocious characters which He saved at Corinth, "Fornicators, idolaters, thieves, drunkards, revilers and extortioners; and such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of God. Christ is mighty to save. He saved Thomas from the powerful grasp of unbelief. He saved Peter from the destructive claws of the roaring lion. He saved Solomon from the enchanting delusion of carnal pleasure. He saved Daniel from the ferocious beasts. He saved Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego from the burning, fiery furnace. Such were the displays of His power on their behalf that, on the one hand, He peremptorily ordered the devouring element to consume their bands and fetters, and, on the other hand, restrained it to singe a single hair of their heads, or even to pass its smell over their clothing. The fire had no power over them be-

cause the mighty Saviour was present with them. He saved Jonah from the whale's belly. He saved the thief on the cross from the very jaws of destruction, and snatched his soul into paradise, as a trophy of His victory over the powers of darkness. In short, the immensity of power will not be fully developed until the unnumbered multitudes of the redeemed shall be exhibited to the universe of intelligence at the final day.

CHRIST IS THE POWER OVER SATAN.

Christ is the power of God over the malice of Satan and the power of darkness. In reference to this the inspired apostle says of himself and his brethren, "Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son." Satan is represented under the different emblems of a strong man armed and a roaring lion. As a strong man armed he watchfully and diligently keepeth his palace in the heart of the unregenerate man; but blessed be God, Jesus is stronger than he. He comes upon him in the chariot of the gospel, storms the palace by the canons of conviction, overpowers the tyrant, drives out the usurper, divides his spoils, and then takes possession of the mansion, so that henceforth He dwells therein by His Spirit. When Christ ascended the cross He overthrew dominions and thrones, led captivity captive and gave gifts to men. The contest which the kingdom of darkness had long maintained against the kingdom of light was now brought to its crisis. The period was come when the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent. For many ages the most gross super-

stition had filled the earth. The glory of the incorruptible was everywhere, except in the land of Judea, changed into images made like to corruptible man, and to birds and beasts and creeping things. The world which the Almighty created for Himself seemed to have become a temple of idols. Even to vices and passions altars were raised; and what was entitled Religion was in effect a discipline of impurity. In the midst of this universal darkness Satan had erected his throne, and the learned and the polished, as well as the savage nations, bowed down before him. But at the hour when Christ appeared on the cross the signal of his defeat was given. His kingdom suddenly departed from him; the reign of idolatry passed away; he was beheld to fall like lightning from heaven. In that hour the foundation of every pagan temple shook. The statue of every false god tottered on its base. The priest fled from his falling shrine; and the heathen oracles became dumb forever.

CHRIST IS THE POWER OVER DEATH.

The last enemy to be destroyed is death. Christ is the power of God unto its destruction. Death is shrunk from with almost instinctive abhorrence by all animated nature. To the wicked man death is the king of terrors; it separates him from his pleasures cuts him off from his sins, drives him from his idols; it does away with the possibility of moral and spiritual improvement; it seals his everlasting ruin. What devastation has death made in the fair workmanship of God. See the blasting, withering influence of death on the finest animal frames, the bright-

est intellectual agencies. Who can ever look at the corpse of a loved one without saying, "An enemy hath done this." Death is a mighty conqueror. He is not only the king of terrors, but he is the terror of kings. He has irresistibly driven the most powerful potentates that ever flourished from their royal palaces into the cold and dismal house appointed for all the living. He has easily triumphed over the most renowned conquerors that ever displayed their skill on the field of battle, and he has caused the morbid worm to crawl upon their brow. The most robust giants that ever signalized themselves by their undaunted courage and strength have crumbled to dust by his mighty and chilly hands. And besides, he has a poisonous sting, with which he envenoms the soul to irretrievable destruction. And the grave is the strong prison in which he incarcерates the human family—there they are, as it were, securely deposited and locked up, bound in the chains of mortality, while the power of God's anger is sufficient to consume all the sources of the soul's comfort, and cause it to weep and lament throughout the untold ages of eternity. But listen: A greater than death and the grave is here. Here also is one whose atonement is an ample refuge from the destructive storm of divine wrath. He has gloriously triumphed over the former, and He has completely appeased the fury of the latter. He loudly exclaims in reference to His people, "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death: O, death, I will be thy plague: O, grave, I will be thy destruction!" As all have sinned against God, the sentence is passed upon all; the saint as well as the sinner

must meet this great foe ; they must meet, they must struggle, they must grapple ; in the stern grasp and in the cold embrace of death that fair frame of thine must fall. But thou fallest to rise in glory ; as thou fallest thou liest. Thy vile body shall be changed and made like unto Christ's glorious body. Soon the trumpet shall sound, the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and death and hell shall be cast into the lake that burns with fire and brimstone. Death shall be done away and God shall be all in all.

"Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's shore:
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee."

CHRIST AS THE POWER OF GOD WAS MANIFEST IN THE
HOUR WHEN HE WAS GLORIFIED BY HIS
SUFFERINGS.

The whole of his life had discovered much greatness under a mean appearance. Through the cloud of His humiliation His native lustre often broke forth ; but never did it shine so bright as in this last trying hour. It was indeed the hour of distress and of blood. He knew it to be such ; and knew that He had before His eyes the executioner and the cross, the scourge and the nail and the spear. But by prospects of this nature His soul was not to be overcome. It is distress which enables every great character, and distress was to glorify the Son of God. He was to teach mankind, by His example, how to suffer and die. He was to stand forth before his enemies as the faithful witness of the truth, justifying by His behavior the character which he assumed, and sealing

with his blood the doctrine which he taught. What magnanimity in all His words and actions on this great occasion. The court of Herod, the judgment hall of Pilate, the hill on Calvary where so many theaters prepared for His displaying all the virtues of a constant and patient mind.

Moreover, He rose above all selfishness, all prejudice and all animosity. With the utmost attention of filial tenderness He committed his aged mother to the care of his beloved disciple. With all the dignity of a sovereign He conferred pardon on a penitent fellow sufferer. With a greatness of mind beyond example He spent His last moments in apologies and prayers for those who were shedding His blood. By wonders in heaven, and wonders on the earth, was this hour distinguished. All nature seemed to feel it; and the dead and the living bore witness to its importance. The veil of the temple was rent in twain; the earth shook. There was darkness over all the land. The graves were opened and many who slept arose and went into the Holy City. Nor were these the only prodigies of this awful hour. The most hardened hearts were subdued and changed. The judge, who, in order to gratify the multitude, passed sentence against Him, publicly attested His innocence. The Roman centurion who presided at the execution glorified God, and acknowledged the sufferer to be more than man. The Jewish malefactor who was crucified with Him addressed Him as King and implored His favor. Even the crowd of insensible spectators, who had come forth as to a common spectacle, and who began with clamors and insults, returned home, smiting their breasts. No

philosopher or other great man ever died as Jesus died. Nature has yet to make a display of marvelous protest at the death of other save Christ. The sun has yet to be staggered by any other human crime. The stars have yet to hide their faces from any other scene of human suffering. The awful, the grand, the tremendous, and terrific power of God stood forth at the death of His Son.

Christ is the power of God to bring the earth and its fulness under divine dominion.

So long ago as the time when the Psalmist wrote we find that God promised this very thing. "Ask of Me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." Rapidly this much-desired event is being consummated. Ethiopia and the far isles of the sea, China and superstition-ridden India, Japan and the priest-scourged countries of Europe, the desert places and remotest corners of the earth are listening to the pleas of the gospel; they are receiving its terms with joyful spirits—are appropriating its blessed benefits to their individual needs, and gladly, though humbly, are following the banner of the Cross wheresoever it leads. To the humble follower of Christ the signs of the coming of the Lord's dominion grow more distinct each passing day, and with confidence he awaits the time when "The earth shall be as full of the knowledge of Jehovah as the waters cover the sea."

PSALM LXXXIV.

- 1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!
- 2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.
- 3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God.
- 4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah.
- 5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee: in whose heart are the ways of them:
- 6 Who passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well: the rain also filleth the pools.
- 7 They go from strength to strength: every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.
- 8 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.
- 9 Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.
- 10 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.
- 11 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.
- 12 O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

THE CUSTOMS OF JESUS

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"And, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day." (Luke iv. 16.)

Few things exert more influence over human lives than custom. How readily we fall in with the customs which prevail around us! How readily, almost automatically, we do the things to which we are accustomed. Sometimes custom is a tyrant ruling us

to our heart. Sometimes it is an angel of blessing, guiding and controlling us for our good.

In this Gospel, according to Luke, several instances are mentioned in which custom entered as a factor into the life of Jesus Christ.

1. In the first place, attention is called to the fact that He was born and brought up in a home where religious customs were observed. In a previous chapter we read that, while He was an infant in arms, His parents "brought Him to Jerusalem to present Him to the Lord," and "to do for him after the custom of the law." (2:22, 27.) Ever since that eventful night in Egypt when all the first-born of the Egyptians perished, and the first-born of Israel were passed over, God had claimed every first-born son as, in a peculiar sense, His own. The requirement of the law was that the child should be presented before the Lord, with certain offerings, in acknowledgement of this claim. We find these parents carefully complying with this requirement. "They performed all things according to the law of the Lord." (2:39.) In the same chapter we read that, "When He was twelve years old they went up to Jerusalem after the *custom of the Feast.*" (V. 42.) The journey from Nazareth to Jerusalem was not for them an easy one. It involved considerable expense and loss of time. Yet "they went to Jerusalem every year at the Feast of the Passover," and when the child Jesus was twelve years of age, He, after the custom of the law went with them. These glimpses reveal to us a household ordered according to God's word. God saw to it that this model human life should have its beginning and early nurture in a home where His law and ordi-

nances of worship were carefully observed. Happy is the child who is born and brought up in such a home! He has a goodly heritage, and begins life under hopeful auspices. The one who lacks this heritage is given a poor start, and is deprived of what is his due. Some one has said, "However we may work at our religious faith later in life, criticise it, remodel it, we must first *receive* it. That we have a religious life today is due not to our philosophers and men of science, many of whom had no religion. It is due to the fact that we learned to believe as children." That is the divine plan. Religious truth, and religious habits are to be transmitted as a precious inheritance from parents to their children. To His ancient people the Lord said: "These words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart: *and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children.*" And in the New Testament, parents are exhorted to bring up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." It is a grievously mistaken notion we sometimes hear expressed, that parents should not seek to influence the views or conduct of their children in the sphere of religion, but should leave them, when they have come to maturity, to determine these matters for themselves. Parents do not leave their children to decide for themselves whether or not they will observe the laws of health, or whether or not an education is desirable. On such subjects they have convictions which they enforce upon their children for their good. How preposterous that in the matter of supreme concern no parental influence should be brought to bear on the plastic minds and characters of children! The family was ordained

for the very purpose of preserving "a godly seed." When rightly ordered it is admirably adapted to that end. Nothing can equal it; nothing can take its place. The home in which religious customs are observed, and in which the word of God is recognized as the supreme law, is the favorable and divinely intended place for the development of childhood and youth. Such a place God chose for His Only Begotten when He sent Him into the world.

Many things indicate that in our day homes are losing this character. In a former day when the large majority of children were reared in the country, when life was more simple, and homes more isolated, the dominant influences in a child's life were from the home. Religious faith and habits were transmitted from parents to children. But now, when people are more and more crowded into large cities, and the claims of business and society are so insistent, the influence of the community is often more potent than that of the home. The influences that play upon the child's character from the street, the playground and the school outweigh those that are brought to bear on him in the home. This makes it all the more necessary that the religious life of the home should be maintained and religious customs faithfully observed that the home may be protected against alien and blighting influences from the world. We hear much said nowadays about the boy problem. It is indeed a problem. But behind it is another and more fundamental one. That is the home problem. Let that be solved, and the boy problem will be easily disposed of. But until the home problem is solved, the boy problem will find only an imperfect solution.

2. The time came when Jesus emerged from the seclusion of the home, and, as a man, determined His own manner of life and established customs for Himself. Luke notices this advance in His life. After He had entered upon His public ministry, and His fame was beginning to be noised abroad, we read that "He came to Nazareth, where He had been brought up: and, *as his custom was*, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day." The change that had taken place in His residence, His responsibilities and His manner of life had not interfered with His religious habits. From the time He was four or five years of age He had been trained, according to the Jewish custom, to go with His parents on the Sabbath to the local synagogue—the place of public worship and religious instruction. Now that He has reached man's estate He adopts the custom for Himself. The synagogue of that day was, by no means, all that could be desired. Scribes or Pharisees were the usual teachers, and, in many things, they made void the word of God by their traditions, and were often "blind leaders of the blind." For many the worship was purely formal. Still, it was the place where God's day was honored, and his word read, and where the saintliest people of the land met together for united praise and prayer. Hence, He made it a habit of His life to go to the synagogue when its doors were opened for worship on the Sabbath day. In this He has left us an example that we should follow in His steps. If He honored by His habitual attendance the worshiping assemblies of His day—imperfect and open to criticism as they were—much more should we so honor the assemblies of His people in His

name. If He felt the need of that means of grace as a factor in His religious life, much more may we. None are holy as that they may dispense with it. Hence, what He taught by example, we find Him enforcing by precept and promise. The form of prayer which He gave for our guidance is primarily for a company of worshipers. It is not without significance that we are taught to say, "*Our Father who art in Heaven—Give us this day our daily bread, etc.*" And, as if forever to secure the worshiping assembly against neglect, and throw around it a charm which would attract every disciple, He says, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." (Matt. 18:20.) The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, after setting forth the rich provision that has been made for our acceptable approach to the throne of grace—a way having been opened up and sanctified through the blood of Jesus, and He ever living as our High Priest over the house of God—exhorts us to avail ourselves of the rich provision, to draw near with a true heart in the full assurance of faith, and then adds, in that impressive connection, "not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is." There are blessings to be secured through united worship which do not come to us through any other channel. The Lord who knows our need has made this provision for it, and we cannot neglect it without spiritual loss. It is, moreover, one chief method by which we are to bear witness for Christ before the world. To neglect it is to fail shamefully as His witnesses. Such neglect bears a testimony which we may be sure the people of the world do not fail to note. But, alas!

it is misleading testimony. It disowns His authority, it dishonors his gospel, and tends to confirm lost men in their neglect of his great salvation.

One of the saddest features in modern Church life is the light regard which many professing Christians have for this privilege and duty, and the increasing number who have fallen into the non-church-going habit. I know the excuses which people make for their neglect, and I know their emptiness. There is not an excuse which you can make, with any show of plausibility, which Jesus could not have pleaded with far more reason. Yet His custom was to go to the synagogue. Behind all the excuses which men offer you may be sure there is estrangement of heart from God, indifference to the great verities of the Gospel, and a languishing spiritual life. Whenever the heart is right with God, there will be an eager and glad response to the summons, "Let us go down into the house of the Lord;" "Come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker."

We do not forget that there are many devout Christians who, on account of sickness, or age, or some other providential cause, are debarred from the privileges of the sanctuary. It is for them a sorrow that they are not permitted to join their brethren in public worship. But the Lord, who is "very pitiful and of tender mercy," has ways of compensating them for their loss. To the faithful remnant of Israel, who were living in enforced exile from the Holy City and the Temple worship, He gave the promise that he would be to them "as a little sanctuary" in the countries where they were. (Ez. 11:16.) And such He is ready to be for all who are kept unwilling-

ly from the place of common worship. He can, and often does, transform the chamber of the invalid into a Bethel, and make it radiant with His presence. Besides, it is possible for these "shut-in" saints, while absent in the body, to be present in spirit with the assembly, and lend mighty help through their prayers and praises. Mr. Moody once conducted evangelistic services in a Scotch town in which there were such manifestations of the Spirit's power as surprised him. He believed that he discovered the explanation of them in the earnest prayers of an invalid, bed-ridden woman who had not been able to attend a single service in person. He looked upon her room as the spiritual power-house of the community. Eternity alone will reveal how much the Church owes to such intercessors. May God increase their number and encourage them in their priestly ministry!

3. Luke calls attention to another custom of Jesus which was often illustrated in His life. We read (Ch. 22:39) that on the night before his crucifixion as He left the upper chamber where He had eaten the Passover with His disciples, "*He went, as he was wont, to the Mount of Olives.*" John tells us that there was a garden there to which "*he oftentimes resorted.*" So fixed was His custom that Judas, the traitor, knew where to find Him. It seems clearly to have been His place for secret prayer and communion with His Father. Public worship alone did not satisfy Him nor meet His need. To that quiet spot, away from the distracting crowd, the din and bustle of the city, he often retired for a season of private devotion. This habit filled a large and important place in His life. We read of His rising a

great while before day, and going into a solitary place to pray. Again, of His sending His disciples across the lake while He went up into a mountain to pray.

“Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of His prayer.”

Here again He has left us an example that we should follow in His steps. And what He taught by example He has enforced by precept. To each of us He says, “When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.” (Matt. 6:6.)

Every Christian should have regular seasons for private devotion. Nothing can take its place. There are things that we can only pray about when none but God can hear. There are confessions that can only be made to the Father in secret. There are sorrows which can only be poured into His ear. Secret prayer has always had a large place in the lives of eminent saints. “Evening, and morning, and at noon,” says the Psalmist, “will I pray, and cry aloud.” Three times a day Daniel kneeled down in his house and prayed with his windows open toward Jerusalem. He would allow nothing, not even the threat of a king, to interfere with this habit. And this habit helped to make him the man that he was. The closet is the place to get spiritual strength. “Solitude,” it has been said, “is the mother country of the strong.” Certainly, solitude with God is the mother country of the spiritually strong. Jacob was left alone with God at Peniel when he had that mem-

orable experience from which he emerged as Israel—a prince, having power with God and men. In “the backside of the desert,” in solitude with God, Moses was prepared for the great task of delivering Israel. In the solitude and quiet of Gethsemane the Master was strengthened for the trial and triumph of Calvary.

Such were some of the customs which entered as factors in the life of Jesus Christ, our great Exemplar. Now, let me ask you, Are they your customs? If not, I pray you establish them today, and give them henceforth an unchanging place in your life. Have you a home? Then see to it that, like the home in Nazareth, it is ordered according to the word of God, and characterized by religious customs. Be faithful and regular in your attendance upon the worshiping assembly. Let every Lord’s Day find you in the Lord’s house, to hear the message, and receive the blessing He has for you, and to contribute your part to the united worship and testimony of His people.

And, above all, be sure to have your Gethsemane, to which, like the Master, you will oftentimes resort.

“He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also so to walk, even as He walked.” (1 John ii. 6.)

“O Lord, and Master of us all!
Whate’er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.”

GOD'S JEWELS

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"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." (Mal. iii. 13.)

My theme is, "God's Jewels," or, as in the marginal rendering, "Special Treasure," "They shall be mine." The phrase denotes possession, or ownership. The objects or subjects of this ownership are specified in the preceding passage as those who "feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name."

1. These are God's Jewels, or Special Treasure.

They are God's (first) by right of creation. Gen. 1:26. "And God said, let us make man in our image, after our likeness." . . . "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."

Here we have a record of the definite purpose in the eternal counsel of the triune God that man should come into form in obedience to the almighty fiat of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit.

In the second chapter of Genesis, seventh verse, we have a more detailed account of man's genesis: "And the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."

In the book of Job, chapter 33, verse 4, we have equally as positive a statement as to the origin of

man; there the writer says, "The spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life."

If this be the true origin of man, if the spirit of God made us, and the breath of the Almighty gave us life, then the physician, Luke, has grasped a most beautiful thought and expressed it in inimitable words when he says, "For in him (that is in God) we live and move and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, for we are also his offspring." Acts 17:28.

David, contemplating this same mysterious truth, is led to adore the author of his immortal existence in the following ascription of praise, "I will praise thee: for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvelous are thy words; and that my soul knoweth right well. My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them."

Beloved, with such divine revelations as to the creative origin of man, I am bold to make this dogmatic statement, Man is an absolute and undeniable scintillation of deity.

He is the immediate creation of God Almighty by and of himself.

Then away with the atheistic idea that man is the result of spontaneous generation! Away with the sophistry that man is the evolution of living protoplasm from not living matter!

I prefer the plain statement of the inspired word, "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and *breathed* into his nostrils the *breath* of life; and man became a living soul."

God's jewels by right of creation.

Second, the believer is God's by right of regeneration, or recreation.

Man is just as dependent upon God for his spiritual genesis as he is for his physical genesis.

In referring to this spiritual genesis Christ says, John 6:44: "No man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me draw him." Repeating this truth in a more amplified form, he says in the sixty-fifth verse, "Therefore said I unto you, that no man can come unto me except it was *given* unto him of my Father."

"For by grace are ye saved through faith: and that not of yourselves: it is the *gift* of God." Eph. 2:8.

Yes, we are God's by right of regeneration.

Third, we are God's by right of preservation. Our lives are continued and our destiny is fixed by the providential ordering of the Almighty.

"I am the Lord (the absolute ruler), and there is none else; there is no God besides me; I girded thee, though thou hast not known me." Isa. 45:5.

"My times (the vicissitudes of life) are in thy hands." Ps. 31:15.

"A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps." Prov. 16:9.

Yes, yes, my dear friends, we are God's by right of preservation.

Referring to God's particular oversight, I do not know of any more comforting words than those of

David, the man who had tested the truth of what he said:

"Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." Ps. 91:9-12.

How sweet the consolation, "He shall give his angels charge over thee. . . . They shall bear thee up in their hands."

As Thomas Adams so beautifully expresses this thought of the Psalmist: "We have the safeguard of the empire; not only the protection of the King, from which the wicked as outlaws are secluded, but also the keeping of the angels, to whom he hath given a charge over us, to keep us in all his ways. So nearly we participate of his divine things, that we have his own guard royal to attend us."

And is there care in heaven, and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is, else much more wretched were the race
Of men than beasts. But oh, the exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve us wicked men, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succor us that succor want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,

And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward.
Oh, why should heavenly God to man have such regard?
—*Edmund Spenser.*

Another expression equally as comforting to the child of God is found in the thirty-fourth Psalm, seventh verse, "The angel of the Lord *encampeth* round about them that fear him and delivereth them."

It is said that Mrs. Jacob Astor adorned her person with so much costly jewelry that her husband became alarmed for her personal safety and employed a body-guard to accompany her wherever she went. All the wealth of Jacob Astor was at the disposal of his wife as a guarantee of her personal safety.

Child of God, all the wealth and power of heaven are vouchsafed to you for your protection and safe-keeping through all the days of your life. No matter where you may be, nor what may be your condition, "The angel of the Lord" is your assurance of help in time of need.

2. Who are God's jewels and where are they to be found?

On account of our human shortsightedness we do not recognize God's jewels nor find them where God finds them. His special treasure is to be found wherever mortal man exists.

Some of his most brilliant jewels have been found in darkest Africa and in the foulest and most infamous dives of the Bowery of the great city of New York.

They are not confined to the ranks of the great preachers, missionaries, philanthropists and Christian statesmen.

They dwell in the most obscure homes, from which the light and love of their consecrated Christlike lives goes forth to cheer and strengthen those who are fighting the battles and leading the hosts of the kingdom in their efforts to conquer the world for Christ.

I have visited such, who in the midst of affliction and suffering have been the greatest inspiration to me in my Christian ministry.

While assisting a brother minister in a series of evangelistic services, he remarked to me one day, "I want to take you to the home of an afflicted young woman that you may get inspiration for your special work while in our midst."

I said, "Certainly, I shall be glad to go."

I shall never forget the visit. It was one of the less pretentious homes of his congregation. But in that home was a young woman of rare Christian culture. She had been one of his most faithful and efficient Sunday school teachers. For several years she had been confined to her rooms by an incurable malady.

On entering the home we were received into the sitting room, where we were detained but a few minutes, when the Christian mother came in, and after a most cordial welcome, said, "Come right up to Emma's room, she will be so glad to see you."

We were in the room but a short while when the pastor suggested that we have worship. After the prayer I approached the bed of the young lady and took her hand to say good-bye. As I did so, I remarked, "Miss Emma, you have my sincerest sympathy in your affliction, and I pray God that you

may be sustained by his grace while thus shut in, suffering his will."

Her instant reply was, "I was never happier in my life. God has not shut me up to a life of idleness. This sick room has been dedicated to God, and here I have not only learned to suffer his will, but by his help I have been enabled to lead all of my Sunday school class to give their hearts and lives to the blessed Saviour."

As we left I said to the pastor, "What a bright and happy soul she is; I am glad we came; she has been God's benediction to me."

That is an instance of who God's jewels are and where they are found.

And blessed be God, they are innumerable!

3. What is the manner of God's dealings with his jewels?

If God's jewels, his special treasure, why, some one may ask, is the Christian's lot oftentimes such a hard one? My only answer to this oft-recurring question is, "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as sons: for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?" Heb. 12:6, 7.

After having preached a sermon on the special providence of God and his peculiar love for his saints, I passed the gate of one of the good women of my congregation. She called to me and said, "Mr. Brown, I don't understand it! I don't understand it!" wringing her hands and weeping as she talked.

I said, "Dear Aunt H., what do you mean?" She said, "The sermon yesterday; in that sermon you did

your best to comfort those of us who have had such sorrowful times. You know what I have passed through. Do you think God would have sent all these troubles upon me if he really loves me as you said he does?"

Her lot had been one of the saddest. Her husband, a colonel in the Confederate army, had been killed by a cannon ball, severing his head from his body. Her older son had lost a limb in a railroad wreck. The second son just a few weeks previous to this conversation had accidentally killed an officer of the law while assisting him in his search for a criminal.

All of this was constantly weighing upon her mind. And she asked again, "Could he afflict me so if he loves me as you said he did?"

My only answer was the assurance from God's word, "For whom he loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

Oh, afflicted one, rest assured that your Heavenly Father will not permit one sorrow too many or one too great for you to bear. He who measures the stroke will also measure to you the needed grace to suffer it.

Are we not assured from God's holy word that "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment (as compared with eternity) worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

The owner of a very large diamond (in the rough) took it to a lapidary to have it polished. The lapi-

dary fastened the stone in his vice, took a file and began rasping the rough edges, then a chisel and hammer to break off the superfluous parts.

As the owner of the stone watched him rasp and cut, breaking off great particles of his valuable diamond, he could endure it no longer. He caught the lapidary's hand and said, "Hold, man, you are destroying my precious stone."

The lapidary looked up, and smiling, said, "My friend, you do not understand; this process is necessary to enhance the value of the stone and to bring out all of its latent beauty, that its brilliancy may be perfected."

Ah, afflicted child of God, is that not what the Heavenly Father, the great Lapidary, is doing for all of his jewels? Are not the raspings of his providence and the cuttings of his love intended to purify us, and to cleanse us from all the dross of sin, that we may be the reflectors of Christ's ineffable glory here on earth, and shine as stars in his diadem of glory up yonder?

4. The preciousness of God's jewels.

In speaking of jewels, we are led to think at once of something rare and exceedingly precious, a "special treasure," particularly so because of the means or the one through which it was obtained.

It is not always the intrinsic value of the treasure which makes it so precious, but the association of the treasure in the mind with the one through whom it was bestowed.

It is what it represents to us in the sweetest associations of the present or bygone days that makes it so dear to us.

One or two illustrations to enforce my point and I must close.

Some years ago a family left the old State of North Carolina for the West. While there the husband died; the widow and the children returned to the old home. On their return trip they lost a trunk, which was not found for several weeks.

A friend of mine was at the widow's home the day the lost trunk was brought from the depot. As soon as the trunk was opened the weeping widow picked up a Masonic apron and pressed it to her bosom, saying as she did so, "I am going to frame this and keep it as long as I live."

The last day her husband was able to be up he had worn that apron to a Masonic funeral. It was just a cheap piece of white cloth, not much more than half a yard, worth perhaps ten cents.

What made that plain piece of cloth so precious to that poor widow? It was its association in her mind with the one who had been the loyal defender, provider and lover of her home. Precious because of what it represented.

God's jewels are precious to him because of their association in his mind with his only begotten Son, who laid down his life to purchase them.

While waiting for my train some years ago a number of old Confederate soldiers were gathering to board the same train for a reunion. One of them was carrying an old flag. He spoke to me as he unfolded it, and said, "I want to show the flag that was carried through the war by our color-bearer." He unfolded it and said, "See," as he pointed out thirteen bullet holes. And then holding it gently together, he

looked into my face, his lips began to quiver, the tears were falling from his eyes while he spoke, "You know what a poor man I am, but, sir, there isn't enough money in the state of Tennessee to buy my interest in that old flag."

Why not? It was a worthless piece of faded red cloth about a yard square; you would not have picked it up if you had seen it lying in the road.

What made that worthless piece of faded cloth so precious to that old soldier? I will tell you what. It was its association in his mind with those dark and bloody days during which he offered his life in defense of his country. It was associated in his mind with all of the untold horrors of the four years of the Civil War.

So, beloved, we are precious in the sight of our Heavenly Father not so much because of our intrinsic worth, but because of the association we sustain in his mind to Jesus Christ, his dear Son.

He never looks upon his redeemed ones except by the way of the cross. He never hears their prayers except as the echo of the prayer of him who taught us to pray, "Our Father which art in heaven." He never hears the feeblest cry of the humblest of his saints but what he associates it with the bitter crying and agony of soul in dark Gethsemane. He never beholds one of his children suffering the pains of death as he looks upon them by the way of the cross and through him who there tasteth death for every man.

Precious in life, precious in death are all those who believe on him through Jesus Christ, his Son.

If every victory was not assured to the believer, in

life, in death, how meaningless would be the words of the Psalmist:

“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.” Ps. 116:15.

“And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.”

THE BELIEVER'S TESTIMONY CONCERNING CHRIST

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"But whom say ye that I am?" (Matt. xvi. 15.)

Not least noticeable among the many strong striking characteristics that marked our Saviour's intercourse with his beloved disciples were the thoughtful, earnest, penetrating questions that he occasionally addressed to them. And he did not thus question them when he was surrounded by the great multitudes that crowded about him to witness his miracles and to listen to his wondrous words; but rather when he was alone with them, apart on the mountain side or away in the desert. These simple heart-searching questions, moreover, were addressed not so much to their *minds* as to their *hearts*, not so much to stimulate their *intellects* to activity, as to quicken their *moral sensibilities* to keener perceptions of the *truth*. He questioned them not to increase *his own* knowledge, but rather to increase *theirs*; not to find out how *much* they knew, but rather to show them how *little* they knew; nor yet to draw out from them an expression of their *opinion*, but rather to evoke from them a declaration of their *faith*.

The question of our text, the reader will remember, was preceded by a similar one in which our Saviour asked his disciples as to what the *world* thought of him: "Whom do *men* say that I, the Son of Man, am?" And then, "Whom do *ye* say that I am?"

Peter, in behalf of the disciples, replied, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." And our Saviour said in answer to Peter that "upon this rock he would build his church and the gates of hell should not prevail against it." The great truth, then, to which I invite your attention, and to which, in the light of the context, I deduce from the words of my text, is this: *The vital relation of the believer's testimony concerning Christ to the life of the church.*

The most prominent characteristic of the apostolic preaching was its *witness-bearing*—its *testimony* character. Christ never designed that those who had arrived at a saving knowledge of the truth should keep this knowledge to themselves. But while the great commission was, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel," this commission was not given until Christ had first instructed his disciples as to what their preaching should consist in. "Ye are to be my witnesses," was his constant declaration unto them. They were to go forth *testifying* as to what they had seen and heard; and all their testimony culminated in this grand truth, that "Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the living God." It is a curious fact, worthy of our observation in passing, that the Greek word for witness was *martus*, a *martyr*, conveying the idea that a witness to the great facts of Christianity in those heroic days when the foundations of the church were being laid was one who gave in his testimony at the risk of his life. And how forcibly was this meaning of the word exemplified in the experience of the holy apostles, every one of whom sealed the testimony that he bore to the truth with his own life blood with possibly one exception. Surely our Saviour seems

here to have been but catechising and instructing his apostles in regard to the testimony which they should be prepared to render as to his divine character; for very well did he know that they would have to stand before heathen courts and answer this very same question, "Whom do ye say that Jesus is?" And their testimony, that "he was verily the son of the living God," did not always evoke the approval which Christ here gave it; for the sequel proved that it was for bearing this very testimony that they, one by one, eventually yielded up their lives at the martyr's stake. And so, too, this meaning of the word was yet further exemplified in the history of the early church, when there were so many sad and painful examples wherein the testimony, borne by the early disciples, was crowned with martyrdom. We sometimes look upon that sad, dark day as the black page in our church's history; but it shines with unearthly splendor above all the other pages that record her progress, when we look with the sainted John and see under the altar, hard by the very throne of God, the souls of them that were slain for the word of his truth and for the testimony which they bore. And white robes, we are told, were given unto every one of them.

The contrast which our Saviour here institutes between what *men* said and thought of him, and what the *disciples* said and thought is very marked and significant; and, to get at the full meaning of our text, we will do well to adopt the method which he here uses of contrasting the two opinions concerning him. As we have already observed, therefore, his first question was, "Whom do *men* say that I, the Son of man, am?" The disciples reply, "Some say that thou art

John the Baptist, some Elias, some Jeremias or one of the prophets." "Herod thinks that thou art John the Baptist, arisen from the dead and come to avenge his cruel murder; others that thou art that prophet that was to come; others that thou art Jeremias or one of the prophets—they are in doubt, they can't tell who, they are divided as to who thou art." Let us notice that, while they are divided as to who Christ is, they all agree in thinking him not only a very remarkable person, but one of the divinely inspired prophets of old come to life again. They are impressed with the fact that there is something more than ordinarily human in this wonderful man.

But the most noticeable thing to me, in this whole conversation, is the utter indifference with which our Lord here treats the testimony of the world in regard to his character, dismissing all these opinions without even a passing remark. He manifests no concern whatever in regard to the fact that they did not rightly appreciate his character. And thus it seems as if our Saviour would say, "It is unimportant what the *world* thinks of me. I care not what opinion *unregenerate men* may hold concerning me. It matters not what Herod and his courtiers, what the prejudiced Jews, the haughty Pharisees, the speculating Sadducees, the unregenerate multitude—it matters not what they may think of the Son of man. They are not expected to know me, and, in their unregenerate state, they cannot know me. All this is as nothing. But the great question is this, "Whom do ye, my disciples, ye who have seen my life, both public and private, who have witnessed my many miracles, who have supped with me and prayed with

me, ye who have followed me through all these years and know me best, whom do *ye* say that I am?" Peter saith unto him, "*Thou are the Christ, the Son of the living God*"—every word *pregnant* with meaning and *burning* with *emphasis*. His answer is not, mind you, "I suppose, or we suppose that thou art the Christ"; but, "*Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God.*" No mere expression of a speculative opinion about it; but the deep and honest conviction of an earnest human soul—a truth not revealed to him by flesh and blood, not the conclusion of his own reasoning or the fruit of his own intellect, but a truth wrought into his conscious being and engrafted, as it were, into his very soul by the power of the Holy Ghost. And thus is it with all spiritual truth that is inwrought into the believer's soul—it is a revelation of the Holy Ghost and is a part of man's own conscious knowledge.

And herein our great Exemplar would teach us a lesson, viz: To consider it a thing of no great importance that the unregenerate multitude have incorrect and erroneous opinions concerning Christ; and, above all, would he teach us not to let our faith be disturbed in the least because unregenerate men fail to see, or even go so far as to deny, the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ. For it is now, just as it was then, the unregenerate world is divided as to who Christ is. Among men there are various opinions concerning him, all of which fall just as far below his true character as did the opinions of men expressed in the days of the apostles. Some say he was a mere man, a very remarkable man, it is true, but still nothing more than a human being—the most perfect one, it may be, that ever lived, the highest type of manhood

of which we have any record; but still he was nothing more than a pure, noble, magnanimous human soul. Others think him more than a mere man—what the ancients, perhaps, would call a hero, one partly man and partly God—some great and lofty human soul into whom the Creator of all things infused something of his own nature and then sent him into the earth to accomplish some great purpose—and that he proved a blessing to the world just as Seneca, as Socrates, as Washington, or any other great and good man did. But all of these opinions are unimportant. It matters not what Strauss, or Renan, or John Stuart Mill, or Herbert Spencer, or the Rationalists, or the skeptics, what they all think concerning Christ. They may be, and doubtless often are, very honest men, and their opinions may be very candid and, in some sense, very complimentary concerning him. They may write a life of him which may prove as interesting as a romance—and, indeed, such a life has been written. They may make his life poetic, his character sublime, his career heroic. They may cast a halo of human grandeur about his person and may make his manhood to appear as beautiful and as worthy of admiration as the masterpiece of an artist. All this they, as children of the world, often wiser in their day and generation than the children of light—all this they may do. But here they must stop. The carnal mind of man can never in its intellectual pride discover the divine. It can discover the man, a beautiful, sublime, heroic man; but it can go no further. And just as the waves of the ocean are hedged in by the everlasting decree, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further, and here shall thy

proud waves be stayed," so here must the human intellect find its utmost limit. The world, by all its searching, can't find out God. Is this to be wondered at? Does any one suppose that these men, however profound in their intellects, can take up the character of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by searching and studying and applying the tests of their own rationalistic logic, find out that he is God? Never! Impossible! It is just as true in regard to God the Son as it is in regard to God the Father, that the world by wisdom knows not God, and by searching it cannot find him out. Yes, men may discover the man, a wonderful man, but the God they cannot be expected to find. It is in a sense a spiritual truth and must be spiritually discerned. God has never made the human intellect and human reason and a rationalistic process—flesh and blood—the channel through which we are to arrive at a correct and saving knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. But what he has hid from the wise and the prudent he has revealed unto the babes: "Even so, O Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." This being true, it is folly for a Christian to be disturbed, because some of the great thinkers and scholars and philosophers say that they, forsooth, can see nothing more in the son of man than a John the Baptist, or an Elias, or a Jeremias, or some great prophet. Why, it would contradict all Scripture if they could. It would make the Christian's knowledge concerning Christ no better, no deeper, no fuller, no more satisfying than the skeptic's knowledge of him; and would thus prove that what the Christian calls saving faith in Christ is nothing more than a mere human belief—and hence nothing more than a reve-

lation of flesh and blood. Instead, then, of weakening the Christian's faith, it should rather strengthen it, when men who pride themselves in testing everything by reason before they accept, and in making reason the measure and ground of all their belief, say that they see not the God in Jesus Christ. For it only proves what the Scripture says when it affirms that "the world by wisdom knows not God," and when it implies that "by searching it cannot find him out."

We observe, then, by thus contrasting the two opinions concerning Christ, that in the one case there is doubt, perplexity, uncertainty—they *think* thus and so, but they can't tell who he is; in the other case there is certainty—"Thou *art* the Christ"—no doubt about it. Again we notice that the opinions of men are various, different, discordant, contradictory, some say one thing, some another; among the disciples there is accord, agreement, unanimity—so much so that one man here answers for the whole. Among all true believers there is but one opinion concerning Christ. Differ as Christians may on many points, they are all one as to who Christ is. In the one case there is confusion, superstition—they imagine him to be a ghost, one raised from the dead; in the other there is intelligent, well defined faith. The one party sees nothing but a man, though a remarkable man it may be; the other discerns both man and God—not only the Christ, the Messiah, the promised one, but the "son of the living God." The one party sees but the prophet; the other the prophet, the priest and the king. The one sees only the son of man, the other sees in him the Son of the living God.

We come now, in the second place, to consider the vital relation which this testimony of the true believer sustains to the life of the church. And this we shall consider in two aspects: First, in regard to the church collectively; and, secondly, the relation it bears to the life of each individual Christian.

Without entering here into an exegetical discussion as to what Christ meant when he said in reply to Peter, "Upon this rock, I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," and assuming that inasmuch as this reply of our Lord was evoked by the testimony which Peter had just rendered as to his divine character, it should most naturally have reference to the truth contained in that confession, assuming this, we learn that the believer's testimony concerning Christ sustains a most important and vital relation to the church of God. So vital is this relation that it is here represented as the *foundation* of the church. The confession of Saint Peter here contains the very pith and marrow of the gospel and may well be made the foundation of the church. It contains the truth, yea, that grandest and most momentous of all truths, that Jesus Christ is very man and very God, and verily upon the preaching of this truth shall the church of God be built up. In 1 Corinthians iii. 2 we have Christ represented as the only true foundation of the Church and the apostles as the builders—where we learn that, though the workmen and the builders may come and go, yet the foundation, being once laid, must stand secure forever. Here the grand

truth is the same, though the presentation of it is slightly different. The true confession of the believer is here represented as the foundation and Christ as the eternal builder. What a grand truth, then, is it for us to realize that if we only confess Christ aright and bear a truthful testimony as to his divine character, that he has promised to make our confession and our testimony a foundation upon which he himself will build. And what a comforting thought should it be to us to know that while we are engaged in trying to build up Christ's church upon the earth, we are yet but co-workers together with him; and as it is true of that city which is "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," so it is true of this earthly structure, that its grand maker and builder and architect is God. He the grand builder, we his workers.

And finally let us consider the relation which the builder's testimony concerning Christ sustains to his own Christian life. If it is true that this testimony is, in a sense, the foundation of the church, it is yet more true that, in a still higher sense, it is the foundation of the life of every individual believer. "Whom do ye say that Christ is?" The answer to this question determines every man's character. You can put no more heartsearching question to yourself than this, "What do I think concerning Christ?" "What is my opinion concerning the Son of man?" Where in all history, sacred or profane, can you find another such momentous question out of the issues of which are life and death? For according as we answer this question wrongly or right-

ly, even so are we found to be the sons of darkness or the children of light. About the multitudes of things and persons that are and have been our opinions may be thus and so, without perhaps having any influence upon our own characters. But in regard to the person of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ we can have but one opinion, if we would be numbered among his faithful and elect followers. And blessed is the man who, when he retires into the secret chambers of his own life, as the high priest retired into the holy of holies, and there solemnly and earnestly propounds to himself the heart-searching question "Who do I say Christ is?" —thrice happy that man whose faith then and there finds its fittest expression in the confession of St. Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." This is the creed of every new born soul that passes from the darkness of this world into the light and liberty of God's children.

When Christ, after years of training, had brought his disciples up to the point where they believed and spontaneously confessed that he was "the Son of the living God," then, and not till then, could he say that the foundation rock of experience and faith and testimony was laid upon which he would build his church; then and not till then could he say "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it;" then and not till then could he talk freely about his leaving them, about his crucifixion and death, and how that greater works than he had done should be accomplished when he was gone. It matters little what the unregenerate world says about our Lord, but on the

faith and testimony of believers rests the foundation
and spread of the Church.

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.
- 2 When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.
- 3 His oath, his covenant and blood,
Support me in the overwhelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

FAITH

A discussion of a Sabbath School Lesson delivered before the Bible Class of the Presbyterian Sabbath School, Shelbyville, Tenn., by J. D. Hutton.

LESSON—Mark 7:24-30; Mt. 8:5-13. Read Mt. 15:21-24.
Commit verses 27, 28.

Mk. 24 And from thence he arose, and went away into the borders of Tyre and Sidon. And he entered into a house, and would have no man know it; and he could not be hid. 25 But straightway a woman, whose little daughter had an unclean spirit, having heard of him, came and fell down at his feet. 26 Now the woman was a Greek, a Syrophoenician by race. And she besought him that he would cast forth the demon out of her daughter. 27 And he said unto her, Let the children first be filled: for it is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs. 28 But she answered and saith unto him, Yea, Lord; even the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs. 29 And he said unto her, For this saying, go thy way; the demon is gone out of thy daughter. 30 And she went away unto her house, and found the child laid upon the bed, and the demon gone out.

Mt. 5 And when he was entered into Capernaum, there came unto him a centurion, beseeching him, 6 and saying, Lord, my servant lieth in the house sick of the palsy, grievously tormented. 7 And he saith unto him, I will come and heal him. 8 And the centurion answered and said, Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof; but only say the word, and my servant shall be healed. 9 For I also am a man under authority, having under myself soldiers: and I say to this one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it. 10 And when Jesus heard it, he marvelled, and said to them that followed, Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel. 11 And I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven: 12 but the sons of the kingdom shall be cast forth into the outer darkness: there shall be the weeping and the gnashing of teeth. 13 And Jesus said unto the

centurion, Go thy way; as thou has believed, *so* be it done unto thee. And the servant was healed in that hour.

"From thence He arose and went into the borders of Tyre and Sidon. He entered into a house and would have no man know it, and He could not be hid." This journey of Jesus follows closely after His appearance in Capernaum, and from this city He has now gone into Tyre and Sidon. Noiselessly He has stolen away from the crowds which have followed Him, and from His disciples. He has not even told John or Peter where He was going. For reasons of His own He wanted to be alone, and He would have no man know His hiding place.

There was one thing which deeply impressed the disciples of that day and deeply impresses the followers of the Master of today, and that was the impossibility of concealment of the Lord and Master. Men with their sins and crimes cannot hide from the all-seeing eye of Jehovah; no more can the Christ be hid from those who earnestly seek to find Him in the pardon of their sins. No vision of the Messiah stirred these villagers of Tyre and Sidon. They knew nothing of the Christ. They were pagans and outside of the covenant of grace. Yet within their borders Jesus could not be hid. There were those among their numbers who recognized Him as the Christ.

The disciples were impressed with this thought, and no doubt as the years went on that John would recall it on the shores of Patmos, that Peter would remember it amid the crowds of Babylon, and whenever they were worried or oppressed by opposition, or crushed by the mockery of heathendom, the

thought would come to them like cheering music, that Christ could not be hid. No doubt, too, that the thought and the remembrance and the vision of Christ brought Iscariot on that sorrowful day to the grave of a suicide. This is eminently true as we survey all the ages down to the present time. The verdict in all is that there is in Jesus that which can never be hid or lost. He has been buried almost out of sight and thought and memory a thousand times, and a thousand times, when hope was almost dead, the world has learned that He cannot be hid.

What was the meaning of the great reformation ? What was the meaning of John Calvin ? What was the meaning of Martin Luther ? What of John Knox and John Wesley ? What has been the meaning of all great upheavals, when Christ is uplifted and every eye beholds Him ?

It is Christ silently and mysteriously moving in it all and cannot be suppressed or hidden.

A woman, we read in Verse 25, found Him among these pagans and besought Him that He would come and cast forth a demon out of her daughter. Jesus answered her: "Let the children first be filled." This woman was not a Jew, and therefore out of the covenant, she was a Syrophœnician by race.

We learn here again the lesson so frequently taught, that Christ came first to the Jews. When He said let the children first be fed he refers to the Jews. If they are to be fed first, then it is evident that there are others to be fed, otherwise He would have said let the children only be fed.

This is but a restatement of the great truth taught

all through the book that those of the Gentile race who accept Christ are grafted in the grand old olive tree, and, although not Jews, although not the seed of Abraham, yet are embraced in the covenant of grace with the fathers.

Christ in His gospel ministry had to make a beginning, and, being Himself a Jew, it is no discredit to the Gentile world that He came first unto His own race. We have learned in the few preceding lessons how He came unto His own, and how they spurned His invitation to come and drink of the water of life, and with what a burden of sorrow He had gone out from their homes and their ungrateful hearts. But this Syrophœnician woman would not be put away. Her answer, Even the dogs eat of the crumbs under the children's table, evinced such humility and such faith that her daughter was restored. Jesus heard her cry for her daughter, and, although she was not a Jew, and not one of the children and out of the covenant, yet answers her prayer and saves her daughter.

Now, in Matthew, 8th chapter and 5th verse, a centurion came unto Him and besought Him that He would come and heal His servant who lieth sick of the palsey, grievously tormented. This centurion was a Roman soldier, and, like the Syrophœnician woman, was not a Jew. Yet, Jesus, seeing the great faith of the man, answered him: "I will come and heal him." But the centurion said: "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come under my roof; but only say the word and my servant shall be healed."

All through these lessons we are impressed with the thought that humility and faith go hand in hand, and in no instance in all the records do we find any, of whatsoever race or condition, who came to Jesus in humility and faith that He ever cast out.

Faith was, in Jesus' view, the greatest force in all nature. It could work all sorts of miracles, uproot mountains, bring the lame and the halt to walk, cause the blind to see, and even bring the dead to life. It is the one necessary condition of His own ability to perform His miraculous works. In all of Christ's teachings He does not define faith. He used the word frequently, and took it for granted that the religious instincts of His hearers would enable them to understand its meaning. Faith is not simply believing. It is a belief akin to knowing. One believes with the head, but to exercise faith he not only believes with the head but with the heart also. We are told that "faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," that is, faith is the strong persuasive confidence of things hoped for and the conviction and reality of things not seen. None of us has ever seen Napoleon Bonaparte; none of us has seen George Washington, yet there is a conviction in the hearts of all of us that such men did live, and this conviction in our hearts brings about a reality of those lives which we have never seen.

The import of the word faith as it occurs in the gospels means receptivity of mind and heart. An open mind and a ready heart, willing to receive and accept the good tidings of the kingdom to come, to

take the Saviour at His word, believing both in mind and in heart in His ability and His willingness to save His people from the wrath to come.

Man has a heart as well as a head, and God requires both in the exercise of faith. Faith which is only of the head, and not of the heart, will not reform a life or save a soul. Thus faith is a very simple thing, not beyond the capacity of a little child. In fact, it is so simple that it is much easier for a child to exercise faith than for those of mature or old age. We have all seen how easy a thing it is for a little child to come into the kingdom, and how hard for one who has spent his life in the exercise of unbelief.

In the case of this centurion which we are studying today, it is revealed as a power of conceiving great thought, and of dwarfing into insignificance mountains of difficulties and obstacles. "For I am also a man under authority, having under myself soldiers, and I say to this one go, and he goeth, and to that one come, and he cometh, and to my servant do this, and he doeth it."

The faith of the centurion was so strong and the idea possessed him so powerfully, that, just as the hundreds of soldiers under his command are at his beck and call, to come and go at his word, even so are all the powers of nature ready to do the bidding of the Master. His faith was so largely developed that he believed Jesus master of the winds, the storms and seas, the very Emperor of nature, the Czar of all the elements and of all cosmical forces. His faith was of such stupendous proportion that he believed Jesus capable by a word of making all the laws of the uni-

verse, and all the elements run his errands. This was a great idea, a magnificent thought, a sublime conception of the powers of Jehovah, but it was a thought born of faith. To conceive such thought required a great mind and a daring spirit of which only devout humility and great faith are capable.

Jesus' answer to those with Him was an encomium upon the centurion which could scarcely have been made stronger or more emphatic. "Verily I say unto you I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." The faith of the Syrophoenician woman revealed itself in the quiet wit and genius of the woman as well as her ability to surmount obstacles and to override difficulties. Jesus said: "It is not meet to take the children's bread and give it to the dogs." Her genius asserted itself in her answer: "True, Lord, for also the dogs eat of the crumbs falling from the Master's table."

It was her faith which gave her the heart to utter this quick genial reply. She, through her faith, could look into the heart of Jesus and discover His goodness and mercy, notwithstanding His apparent refusal to grant her request. The flash of inspiration and the courage to speak this quick thought came from faith. The woman could never have had this happy thought had she not had faith in heaven's grace reaching down even to the "Gentile dogs." And so, my friends, it is our faith in our fellowman, and our faith in the mercies of God, which engenders faith in ourselves and dispels the gloom of our environments, turns pessimism into bright and radiant optimism, and enables us to look beyond the clouds

and get a vision of the future of which it is said: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to know the glories which the Lord hath prepared for those that love Him."

The prominence given the subject of faith in our last several lessons profoundly impresses us that faith is the superstructure of our whole Christian religion. Jesus said to Peter: "Thou art the rock, and upon thee do I build My church." He did not mean Peter, but the faith of Peter.

We are taught that nothing is impossible with God. That He can do all His holy will. God can and does do all His holy will; but through laws of His own enactment, and which He Himself cannot override. One of these laws is that immunity from punishment for sin must come through faith in Jesus Christ, God's propitiation for sin; and we speak it reverently, God Himself can save the lost and reward the regenerate in no other way. It is God's plan for the redemption of the race. It is His law enacted in the Parliament of heaven, and at the cost of the blood of His only begotten Son, and He cannot annul or set it aside.

Jesus could not have fed the five thousand on the few loaves and fishes except for the faith of the people. When Peter walked out upon the water to meet the Master, as his faith wavered, he began to sink. Jesus could not have driven the demon from the daughter of the Syrophenician woman, or healed the servant of this centurion ruler except for their faith.

It is a much disputed question how this faith comes to a man. Upon this question the two creeds, and the

only two creeds of the Christian world, depend. We will not discuss them, but simply state that ultra Calvinism teaches that God touches the spark and kindles the fire in the heart which produces the faith in the man, and that, therefore, God is the author of faith. Arminianism teaches the free and independent will of man, that there is some of the element of sovereignty in man as well as in God, that it is within his power to exercise faith, or to spurn and reject it according to his own will.

These are deep theological questions for our great students of the two schools and creeds to study and discuss. It is enough for us, and we may satisfy ourselves with the thought, that so long as we are steadfastly sure that we exercise this saving faith, that it is immaterial with us whether the flame of faith is lighted by a spark from the batteries of heaven, or is generated by the dynamo in the heart of man.

1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As Thou has died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

SERMON ON THE MOUNT

BY HIM "WHO SPAKE AS NEVER MAN SPAKE."

And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying.

Blessed *are* the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed *are* they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed *are* the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed *are* they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed *are* the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed *are* the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed *are* the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed *are* they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when *men* shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great *is* your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.

Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill.

For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.

Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach *them*, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed *the righteousness* of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment.

But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.

Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee;

Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way: first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison.

Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery:

But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not *that* thy whole body should be cast into hell.

And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not *that* thy whole body should be cast into hell.

It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement:

But I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery; and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.

Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths:

But I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne:

Nor by the earth; for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King.

Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.

But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth:

But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have *thy* cloak also.

And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy.

But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you;

That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?

And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more *than others*? do not even the publicans so?

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven.

Therefore when thou doest *thine* alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth:

That thine alms may be in *secret*: and thy Father which seeth in *secret* himself shall reward thee openly.

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites *are*: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in *secret*; and thy Father which seeth in *secret* shall reward thee openly.

But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen *do*: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.

After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed by thy name.

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you:

But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Moreover when ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance; for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face;

That thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.

But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!

No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lillies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

(For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Judge not, that ye be not judged.

For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam in thine own eye?

Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye?

Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye: and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:

For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth: and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?

Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father

which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him ?

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them : for this is the law and the prophets.

Enter ye in at the strait gate : for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat :

Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.

Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles ?

Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit ; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.

A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven ; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name ? and in thy name have cast out devils ? and in thy name done many wonderful works ?

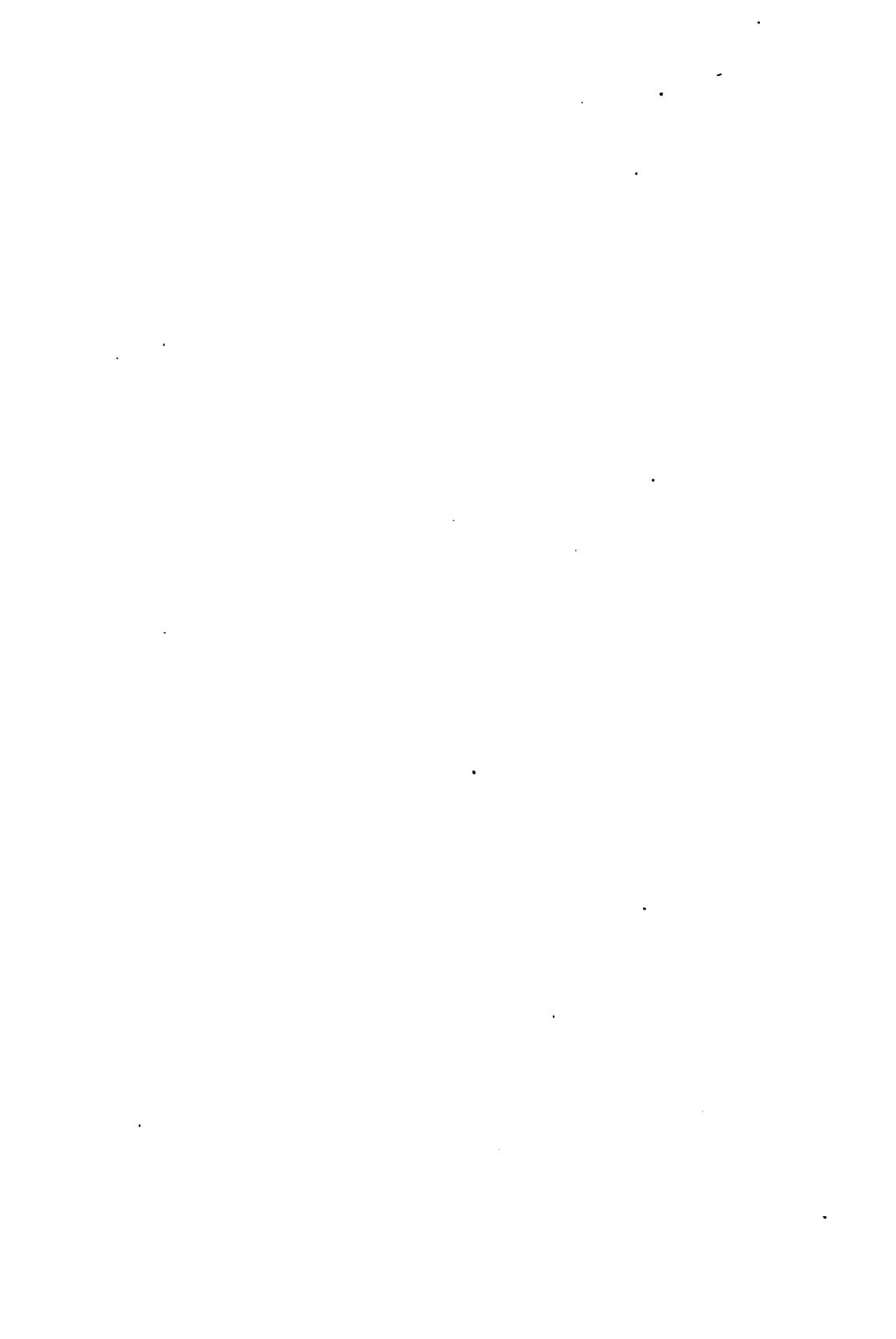
And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you ; depart from me, ye that work iniquity.

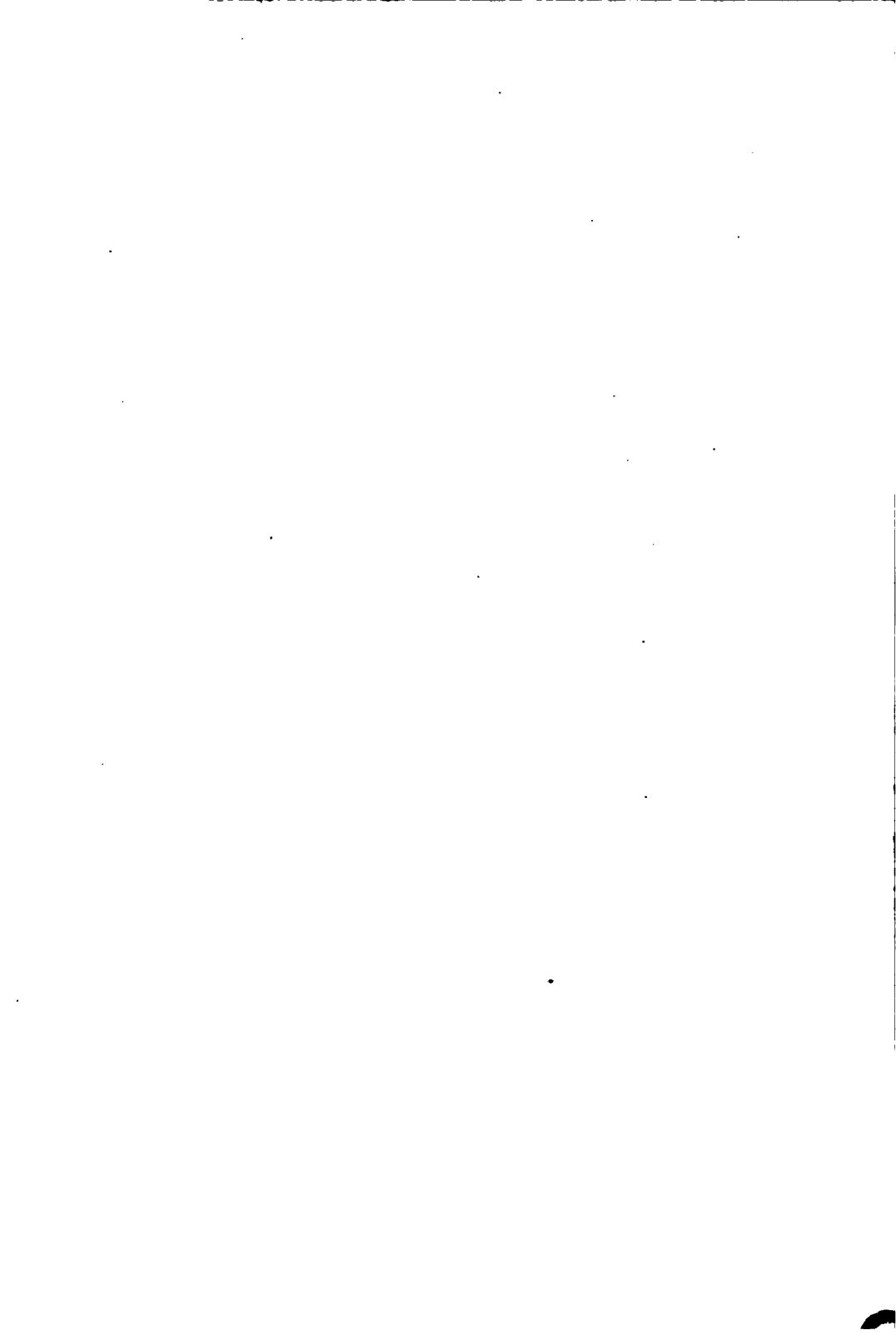
Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine,
and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man,
which built his house upon a rock:

And the rain descended, and the floods came, and
the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell
not; for it was founded upon a rock.

And every one that heareth these sayings of mine,
and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish
man, which built his house upon the sand:

And the rain descended, and the floods came, and
the winds blews, and beat upon that house; and it
fell: and great was the fall of it.





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